

THE READER

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 178, Vol. VII.

Saturday, May 26, 1866.

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THE READER.

SATURDAY, MAY, 26 1866.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

The Iliad of Homer Translated into English Verse in the Spenserian Stanza. By Philip Stanhope Worsley, M.A., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Vol. I. Books I.—XII. (Blackwood & Sons.)

The First Book of the Iliad of Homer Translated into Fourteen-Syllable Verse. By Charles S. Simms. (Manchester: Simms and Co. London: Simpkin and Marshall.)

THE death of Mr. Worsley, which we announced last week, recalls to our attention one of the ablest of the numerous recent attempts to translate the "Iliad." The only portion which has been published comprises the first twelve books; but we understand the accomplished scholar had been working hard at his task till quite up to the period of his last illness; and we may therefore hope sufficient was completed to justify an additional instalment from the hands of his literary executors. In his elegant preface, Mr. Worsley repudiates the idea that because the metre he has chosen differs so widely from that of the original, therefore we have any right to infer that his version is paraphrastic. He aims at being literal without being stiff; to resemble Homer, not to ape him. He analyzes the claims of the English hexameter and of blank verse. He decides against the first, because it has not yet been naturalized by some great poet of our own; and against the second, because he is no poet himself. The right of the heroic couplet is set aside without, perhaps, sufficient discussion. Mr. Worsley was not indeed bound to show much cause why he should prefer one metre to another. His own arguments against blank verse are equally conclusive against any failure. If it were done well, it would be perfection; and this may be said of all. But with what must in default of something more permanently successful be deemed the best—that is, the version of Pope—we demur to an unqualified assertion that the Spenserian stanza ranks "next in heroic dignity to blank verse." However, he is so ingenious in his excuse for not daring to put on the arms which he thinks only belong to Achilles, that we are perhaps too critical if we do not coincide with his depreciation of those who have considered their own weapons of sufficient proof for the most arduous of contests. Nor is his modesty less conspicuous in the test he asks for himself. Whilst, as we have said, he claims his own to be considered a literal translation, he will be satisfied if "the perusal of a whole book of his translation shall leave echoing in the ear a voice accordant in its main swell to the voice of Homer." This is setting up a standard which may be called subjective; throwing the responsibility rather too much on the reader, and insinuating the possibility of an adverse criticism being caused by inadequacy of poetic sympathy in the critic. We do not think Mr. Worsley meant this. He, probably, when he wrote, was contemplating the verdict of men whose judgment he respected, and whose impartiality he knew to be above suspicion. On the other hand, the success it aims at is scarcely sufficient. Homer is so great, that in the hands of a scholar he must produce a great effect. He speaks out "loud and bold" to Keats, in the somewhat lame version of Chapman. He has impregnated many a school-boy with his fire through the rhymes of Pope. The rolling effect of that multitudinous sea of images and incidents peeps through the delicate imitation of Virgil; and if commentators found in Homer more than Homer knew, many are still influenced by the re-

flection of his genius upon whom its direct rays will never shine.

It is not likely that attempts to convey this peculiar attribute of Homer will ever cease; and we have the first book of the "Iliad" done in a metre which is not one of those Mr. Worsley thought deserving of any notice, yet which certainly admits of a more literal translation, without losing in dignity, than the Spenserian Stanza. We do not mean by this for one moment to say that Mr. Simms's version is the superior of the two. It will certainly be more popular with less highly-gifted readers; but there is a certain wearisomeness in a lengthened strain of the fourteen-syllable verse which the definite close of the stanza enables us to escape from. It would be easy to select passages in which the dignity of Mr. Worsley's metre is strikingly apparent; but that of Mr. Simms seems most appropriate when we come to the banquet, and the mirth and laughter even of the gods. Take for instance, the moment in the First Book when Vulcan soothes the pride of Juno, and restores harmony to the celestial circle, somewhat ruffled by the too ostentatious exhibition of the force and authority of Jupiter. Mr. Worsley is under the sad necessity of commencing with the end of a stanza:—

He spake, and rose, the double cup to bear,
And gave it to his mother, and addressed her there:

"Yield now, my mother, and, though grieved,
endure,

Lest I behold thee with mine eyes, though dear,

Beaten and bruised, and seek in vain a cure;
For the lord Zeus can soon teach rebels fear.

Now for Simms—

He said, and starting up into his mother's hand
he pressed

A double-chaliced goblet, and to her these words
addressed:

"Endure, hold up, O mother mine! all troubled
though thou be,

Lest with these eyes, dear as thou art, I should
thee stricken see—

For then, however I be pained, no force at my
command

Will thee avail, for hard it is the Olympian to
withstand."

But a little before, when the tone of debate was more serious, the stanza had decidedly the advantage:—

Him swift Achilles sternly eyed, and said:
"O mind impenetrable, and proof to shame,
How canst thou hope to be with zeal obeyed,
Or prick men forth to deeds of warlike fame?
Not for these Trojans with my band I came;
No kine, no horses, had they reft from me
No harvests ravaged, nor done aught for blame
In rich-glebed Phthia; for between us be
Lines of dark shadowy mountains and a roaring
sea.

It is not worth while to quote the other version here, except as to the last two lines, which are preferable:—

For between them and me
Doth many a shadowy mountain lie, and the
resounding sea.

Mr. Worsley is, to our thinking, careless in his last couplet. It would seem as if he thought it a beauty to be rough, and when the sense will bear it he may be right; but the cacophony is indulged in too often. It does not seem for want of power. Sometimes he is particularly happy, both in his translation of the Greek and in his rhythm. Thus—

Priam's godlike son,
Swerving aside, made shift the bitter death to
shun.

We do not like the break in the last line but one of the extract we shall conclude with; but the passage is nobly rendered, and will bear comparison with Tennyson's well-known paraphrase, and some of the finest versification of Pope; some will prefer it to both.

So they, with high thoughts, on the bridge of
war

Sat through the night, the watch fires blazing
nigh.

As when the moon and every shining star
Beam loveliest, when the winds in slumber lie,

And in clear outline stand revealed thereby:
Sharp peek, and sunken valley, and rifted hill
Deep upon deep unutterable the sky
Breaks open, and the night spreads calm and
still,

All the stars shine, and joy the shepherd's heart
doth fill—

Such in their multitude from Xanthus stream,
Betwixt the rolling river and the main,
In front of Troy the Trojan watchfires gleam,
Which the men kindle and all night sustain.
A thousand fires were burning on the plain,
And beside each sat fifty, in the shine
Of burning fire; and, champing the white grain
Of barley and spelt, the steeds in ordered line
Hard by their chariots stood, waiting the Dawn
divine.

DRAMATIC CRITICS.

The Journal of a London Playgoer from 1851 to 1866. By Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature in the University of London. (George Routledge and Sons.)

PUBLIC curiosity concerning actors and things theatrical is insatiable. The personal popularity of the actor seems scarcely to quit him with life, and men think with something not far removed from tenderness, of actors whom they have never seen, and concerning whose performances a bare and unsatisfactory tradition is almost all that is preserved. It is needless for us to inquire into the causes of this—causes in themselves sufficiently obvious, and among which, moreover, the absolute conditions of the life of an actor, with the strange and suggestive comment it affords upon the vanity of human affairs, are not the least. It is, however, certain that some measure of softness or tenderness is blended with our thoughts of actors, even of those so far before our time as Mountfort, or Betterton, or Mrs. Oldfield, and works which describe the lives or performances of actors, and the condition at various epochs of our stage, are among the most popular in our literature. Theatrical memoirs, recollections, and criticisms accordingly multiply with accelerating rapidity, and the future historian of our stage will be burdened with a plethora of information. Nor is the popularity of works of this class greatly to be wondered at. Many of them are singularly ingenious and well written, and almost all are amusing. There are few who, at almost any price, would be content to lose the exquisite descriptions of the ineffable old coxcomb, Colley Cibber; and the criticisms of Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Hazlitt are among the pleasantest and most suggestive works in the language.

In the presence of this acknowledged taste for theatrical literature, and with the example before it of our elder critics, it is curious that our modern school of dramatic criticism should have sunk so low as to be an object of general and loudly-avowed contempt. Such, however, is the case. It is scarcely consoling to think that moral, rather than intellectual deficiency, is the cause of its inferiority. In modern days there can be no question that two or three causes, among which the extreme intimacy that exists between author and critic is paramount, have rendered theatrical criticism a delusion and a mere name. In our most popular journals no such thing exists; and even in those less known or less widely circulated, in which attempts at a high class of criticism have been made, the result, perhaps in consequence of the conditions by which the journals are hampered, is still far from satisfactory.

By publishing in a separate volume a series of semi-connected extracts from criticisms originally written for the pages of a weekly newspaper, Professor Morley shows his desire that a portion at least of his writings should be exempt from the verdict of worthlessness passed upon the class to which they belong, and his opinion that his criticisms deserve a wider circulation than they have hitherto gained. Both desire and opinion are natural and creditable, but the result is not what from the preface, in the book called a

prologue, and from Professor Morley's reputation, we expected. It is easy to say what the Professor has and what he has not done. He has written a pleasant, courteous, sensible, and readable book; but he has not furnished, as he appears to have intended, a complete or even fair reflection of the modern stage, and he has done little to vindicate the profession of theatrical critic from the contempt with which of late it has been invested, or to raise the standard of dramatic criticism. It is in this latter respect his book is most disappointing. For some important omissions from this survey, we were prepared by the Professor's statement in his prologue, that a portion only of the performances at the theatres came under his observation; we yet scarcely expected that a performance so important and so often repeated as the *Hamlet* of Mr. Fechter would be ignored. In the same prologue there is an apology for the occasional harshness of the censure. "A little bitterness of flavour," says the writer, "my small stream must needs take from the soil through which it flows." Little bitterness, however, is traceable in the writings which follow this avowal, and, like all dramatic criticism of the day, the contents of the volume err on the side of over-indulgence. A little severity is manifested towards Stella Colas; Miss Bateman is treated almost according to her merits; and a strong protest is uttered against the meaningless burlesques, which would be objectionable did they exclude anything better from our stage. A sneer, too, is hazarded against a notorious Americano-Hibernian adapter, whose arrogance is as ludicrous as his mediocrity is incontestable; but with this the censure of the volume ends. The works of almost every English dramatist or adapter are praised, and scarcely an actor of position or repute but receives a jet from the Professor's full-flowing fountain of eulogy. Nor, we are sorry to say, can we, except at the expense of his judgment, free the author from the charge of being subject to those influences which most directly sap the vigour of all modern dramatic criticism. We cannot, except upon the supposition of the existence of personal friendship, account for the favourable verdicts passed upon some modern writers, or the euphemistical terms employed to characterize conduct which to most outside observers appears infamous, and men whose names in the public mouth are by-words of reproach. To pass, however, to pleasanter matters. The period over which the criticism of a London Playgoer extends commences in the summer of 1851, or about the period of Macready's retirement from the stage, and ends with the Easter of the present year; the first incident chronicled being the appearance as a child of the Miss Bateman whose failure in a maturer effort is a conspicuous event in recent theatrical annals, and the latest the production at the Haymarket Theatre of Westland Marston's excellent comedy of the "Favourite of Fortune." The period thus circumscribed is undoubtedly short. It is, however, more comprehensive than on a first glance one would be apt to deem. It includes in effect the whole career of Robson, from his first appearance at a West-end theatre (the Olympic) to his premature and deplorable death. It has witnessed all that is noteworthy in the performance of Miss Herbert, Miss Kate Terry, Mr. Sothorn, Mr. Fechter, and Mr. Toole. It has seen the close of the dramatic career of such prized and inimitable actors as Farren, Keeley, J. Vandenhoff, Harley, and T. P. Cooke, and the first appearance of an actor worthy to be named in the same breath with them, Mr. Jefferson. During that period, too, great foreign actors have been seen on our stage. Emile Devrient appeared in June, 1852, and died shortly after. Rachel made two visits, and was followed by her inferior, but still great rival, Ristori. Other less noteworthy actors have also appeared. Geoffrey, with a clever company, held for several weeks possession of the St. James's, though his performances are altogether

unnoticed in this volume. A record of all these events, together with the innumerable though comparatively unimportant incidents from which they have been selected, cannot fail to possess interest and value. There are few readers accordingly who will not derive amusement from the "Journal of a London Playgoer." In the tone of much of its criticism we acquiesce; and in the estimate it contains of the general condition of the Drama in this country we in the main agree. The principal point of difference between the Professor and ourselves is in the too favourable estimate taken by the former of tragic acting in this country, and notably of the merit of the Shakespearian revivals under Mr. Phelps at Sadler's Wells and Drury Lane. A space, which by comparison we must deem extravagant, is assigned in this volume to these revivals, and the acting of Mr. Phelps is credited with the possession of those attributes in which it appears to us most signally deficient. Mr. Phelps is a painstaking actor, inheriting the traditions bequeathed to him by Macready; traditions, however, he is able very imperfectly to perpetuate. In comedy and character parts, such as *Justice Shallow* or *Sir Pertinax Mc Sycophant*, he shows great talent, and if he had confined himself to such, he would have been a good, almost a great actor. We are utterly at a loss, however, to detect the poetic insight with the possession of which he is credited by the Professor, whose opinion in this respect is diametrically opposed to the judgment of almost every educated playgoer. Once only is a notorious defect in a conception of Mr. Phelps pointed out. The Professor urges, very correctly, that *King Lear* should not, at the commencement of the play, be represented as infirm. The same criticism has often been passed upon this performance. He shortly afterwards tells us, infinitely to our surprise, that "the playgoer has much to learn, let him be sure of it, who does not feel the distinctive power of a true actor in Mr. Phelps' delivery of Byron's poem 'Manfred,' and he assigns to the *Macbeth* of Phelps that appearance of glamour,—of a man possessed and spell-bound,—which we are bold to say was in that impersonation conspicuous only by its absence. In theatrical criticism it is no rare thing for a man to do what Professor Morley has in this case done—viz., form an ideal conception of a part, and invest an actor with that which has been created in his own mind—or in other words, attribute the impression made on his mind to some suggestion of the actor, instead of its true source, the words of the poet. The criticisms on Fechter's *Othello* are subtle, though we are at a loss to perceive on what principle the strangely-erroneous delivery of the lines—

The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in
speech, &c.,

was justified. The most valuable criticisms in the book are those on Ristori and Rachel. The justice of portions of these, however, is at times disputable. The verdict upon the *Juliet* of Stella Colas is just, though severe; that upon Miss Bateman is severe, though scarcely enough so for the occasion. Upon many current events intelligent and entertaining comments are passed, and the entire book may be consulted with constant interest and frequent advantage.

M. SERRET.

Le Prestige de l'Uniforme. Par Ernest Serret.
(Paris: Hachette.)

M. SERRET is what they call a rising author. He has written some dozen readable novels and a score or so of more or less successful vaudevilles; has published poetry, and has altogether worked himself into very comfortable relations with the Parisian Soss. We do not think, however, that the volume before us will add much to his reputation here, or even among his less squeamish compatriots. It is of the dirt dirty; and is unredeemed by any of those attempts at deeper

analysis of character which he made, for instance, in "*Perdue et Retrouvée.*" The only redeeming point about it is, that the dirt does not stick. If it is of the essence of mischievous novels that they should be *peccare docentes*, "*Le Prestige*" won't do much harm; for no one in his senses would think of taking as a model any of the brilliant Zouaves or irresistible Lancers who crowd M. Serret's canvas, and of trying to do as he is said to have done. The fun is that we are soberly asked to accept all this as French life; the reality being about as like the picture as New York life is like the wild orgie detailed in Manhattan, or as English society is like the view of it presented by Mr. G. C. N. P. Reynolds in the "*Mysteries of London.*" A gallant captain marching in from Versailles has to halt his company ten minutes under a great lady's window. He does not even see her; but she sees him, and to such purpose that she looks him up that same evening, sticks to him as long as he is in town, and follows him when he gets ordered to the camp. Another titled lady meets her charmer at the railway station, finds out his hotel at Châlons, asks him to tea, comes over to him from her husband's country seat regularly once a-week, vows she'll die if he dies when he is sent to Mexico, and actually does die of *apoplexie foudroyante*, "in spite of her deep love for her two charming children," as soon as she hears that he has been taken off by hospital gangrene. But the officers don't quite carry all before them; a painter, cousin of one of the heroines, gets suddenly famous; his last picture is quite the rage. Before his laurels have got fairly settled on his brow, he is coming out of a ball one night when a "grande dame" (nobody below the rank of a baroness ever seems to do such things) takes him under her burnous, pops him into her carriage, and, without giving him time to pack up, hurries him off with her to Italy. No sane reader will accept a story, of which such little escapades are the staple, as a fair transcript of any state of society which could possibly hold together for a twelve-month. We are reminded of dear old Charles Lamb's plea for the dramatists of the Restoration; they can do no harm, because they describe an ideal immorality, not to be judged by the ordinary canons; and before we condemn M. Serret and his school, we must remember that if he paints society by bringing together a pack of Divorce Court cases, we have popular writers who think it all fair to crowd into one tale the police reports of a whole generation. As we shall see, M. Serret has a most laudable object, though he takes a most French way of attaining it. He shows, what it surely did not need a long and elaborate novel to show, that "scarlet fever" is not only very catching amongst girls of all ranks, but that the after results are often exceedingly dangerous. We hope the French girls who read him will take due warning. Over here, unhappily, advice communicated in this way mostly seems to miss its purpose. No doubt "*Rose Mortimer*;" or, the *Ballet Girl's Revenge* is a highly moral tale, and teaches sterling truth; but the maid-servant who read it, and, turning down the page where the heroine commits suicide, just went and did the same thing, would have been better without such moral teaching. Why women run after the red-coats and the blue (about the French sailor, by the way, M. Serret says nothing) is a question that can't be answered off-hand. It is not altogether the dress that does it. "I'll make myself up like a Guardsman," says an aspirant; "Well, if you do," answers M. Serret, "she'll smoke you in a minute; the uniform is a part of them, with you it will only be a disguise." The fact exists in England as in France; it is forced upon you the moment even the Militia come into your town. Your estimable friend Slocombe felt it very unpleasantly at the last ball he ever went to, when he saw his *fiancée*, now an exemplary parson's wife, waltzing with officer after officer, "though

she knew he didn't like waltzing at all." We think it is in Burns's "Jolly Beggars" there are some lines which just suit M. Serret's heroine, but we need not quote them; nor need we follow our author through all his scenes, though we must give an outline of his plot, that no one may be able to say he bought the book without being duly warned. There are two heroines, one a rich banker's daughter, cousin of the painter aforesaid, with whom our only quarrel is that, being motherless and keeping house for papa, she goes about with even more than an English girl's freedom. We think M. Serret can hardly be painting from the life, though he does make an aunt say, when the young lady insists on being taken to see her suitor's mistress, "Well, I can't think what girls are coming to now-a-days; why, I should hardly have left my convent, and as for knowing anything about such matters—" The other heroine—the mistress, by the way, is so strangely like the rich young lady that M. Serret ought to have made them at least half-sisters—is a laundrymaid at Sèvres. The washerwoman for whom she works took her in "out of charity;" and the ungrateful minx has repaid her by making her son, a fellow with the best heart in the world, but with a head like those on the umbrella handles, desperately in love with her. Very edifying are the good woman's indignation and her views on marriages *dé convenance*. Rose Dubois has been tempted, has had wonderful offers; but "Elle s'obstine à se bien conduire;" of course not from any real goodness, but "to make sure of my poor Mark." As it happens, Rose, who has always looked on Mark as a very kind brother, tells him over and over again he can never be anything else to her. Her weakness is being irresistibly fond of the red coats; so before long a Zouave wins her, and treats her so shamefully that to spite him she takes up with another. Then the sergeant, whom she looked upon as a sort of demigod, takes her to Châlons, deserts her; and she is found in the hospital by our author, who had seen her bringing the clothes to the banker's country house. At the first grand review Pierre d'Avarey, a captain of Zouaves, gets thrown and all but killed. Our author, a great friend of his, can find no one but Rose to do the nursing; of course there is a great outcry among the officers—"to bring in such a girl as that, you know!" But a nurse must be had, and Rose watches with the most intense zeal and devotion while the poor fellow lies between life and death. As soon as he becomes conscious, he, too, is duly disgusted, for he knew her position among his men; however, he can't turn off at once a girl who has saved his life and who would just go straight away and drown herself; besides, a man just recovering from concussion of the brain is scarcely able to fight a battle. So Rose stays; and is so good that the captain, with whom *Mlle. Berthe*, the banker's daughter, fell in love at first sight, and to whom she has made her excellent papa write offering her, dowry and all, in marriage, carries her off with him to Versailles, trying to keep the *liaison* a secret from his brother officers. He is so unkind to her that one Lieut. Touret takes her part; and there is a duel; after which d'Avarey is a little gentler, and deigns (with excellent taste) to dress her up like *Berthe*, whom he sees almost every day at Sèvres; for the indefatigable girl has made friends with d'Avarey's mamma; and the mamma, determined her son shall not lose such an excellent *parti*, if she can help it, comes down and stays an indefinite time at the banker's. D'Avarey doesn't love *Berthe*; and does, after his wolfish way, love Rose; and *Berthe*, in a most maidenly conversation with the mamma, insists on his giving up "that creature;" "he may have as many others as he likes, but she is too like me. She is prettier than I am, and I can't bear it." So Pierre goes off to Africa, having first ordered his slave, Rose, to take up with a captain of Cuirassiers. She obeys—she always obeys him—so deeply grateful is she for his condescension; but

she gives the captain his *congé* in a week, and before very long dies quite suddenly of a cold which she caught by sitting at the open window listening to the band in the distance. Poor Mark is at her bedside; he has been faithful throughout; he is a very monster of faithfulness. He actually came to her at Châlons, still pestering her with offers of marriage. "Poor girl," says he, "she can't help it! She has no vice in her any more than a lamb. It is a prestige ["a glamour," as we say] which they've thrown over her." He is, as M. Serret says, an *ingaud sublime*, in whose possible existence it is very hard to believe. However, the moral is plain—Rose ought to have had him at the first. His was a "grand cœur," which she heedlessly passed by. She suffered for it. So, young ladies, beware; and, when an ugly fellow makes you an offer, think twice before you refuse him for the chance of the captivating captain, or sergeant, or private, at whom you have been setting your cap.

When once you have made up your mind to the sort of thing, M. Serret's book is lively reading enough. His Gascon captain, coarse and intensely *égoïste*, and elephantine in his thick-skinned disregard of a hint, thinking every girl in love with him, and acting accordingly, and (as our author is content to depict his countrywomen) never finding himself mistaken, is a clever sketch. So is the "estimable banquier," who lets his daughter run so wild, and who is painted with somewhat of a student's feeling for a "Philistine." A mess dinner at Châlons is well described; and from this and several more touches we almost fancy our author feels the soldiery getting a little too much for the civilians in France. Of course it is the civilians' own faults, but it is not the less unpleasant for all that. There is already a good deal of that spirit which we find so piteously cried out against in Juvenal; the *militaire* comes down just as heavily on the Frenchman's corns as the centurion did on the Roman's, though he does not wear such hobnailed boots. Is it so? Is M. Serret *anti-militaire*? Or is his secret purpose to glorify the service by showing its position in the eyes of the *beau sexe*? Anyhow he is, as we said, lively, and, in the French sense, deeply pathetic. Rose Dubois is a character over whom the most *blasé* Gaul will shed tears, and her end is truly edifying from a grisette's point of view. Besides his obvious moral, that a chance like Mark is not to be lightly flung aside, we read another moral just as clear, though never set forth in words. It is, "mind who is your tailor, and take care he does you justice." "Beauty unadorned" may do for women, it won't answer for men. Above all remember to dress badly is worse than not to dress at all. The snob has a much worse chance than the man in fustian. Well, enough of M. Serret's very French novel. There must be something in that phrase "very French," when such a book is put forth by the virtuous Hachette in a cover just like that of "L'Arithmétique du Grandpapa." One thing we learn from the book, that, in spite of all people say to the contrary, naughty girls in France are just as strictly tabooed by decent people as they are here. As to scarlet fever among us, it is not altogether the colour that kills. English girls have imagination, power of association, and a spice of romance; which French girls mostly want. But so, as many of us are aware, do most Frenchmen.

BEETHOVEN'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Beethoven's Letters (1790-1826), from the Collection of Dr. Ludwig Nohl. Also his Letters to the Archduke Rudolph, from the Collection of Dr. L. Ritter v. Köchel. Translated by Lady Wallace. (Longmans.)

BIOGRAPHIES of musical composers, or materials towards such biographies, have increased and multiplied of late. Beginning with the delightful series of Mendelssohn's letters, we have had in rapid succession lives of Weber, Schubert, and Spohr, and a selection from Mozart's correspondence,

besides a romance founded on the scanty facts known respecting the great man whose letters are now presented to us by the good offices of Lady Wallace. But we cannot say that the collection before us forms a worthy pendant to the correspondence either of Mendelssohn or of Mozart, or that it gives us either any satisfactory insight into the inner life of the mighty genius who gave the world the nine symphonies, or any valuable criticism of other composers. Indeed, as regards the latter point, either his own music or that of anyone else is scarcely mentioned except in a purely commercial spirit. The letters, nearly five hundred in number, are in very many instances of the most trivial and unimportant character, and are flung before us without a word of connecting text, and with dates often conjectural. With every respect for the industry evinced by Drs. Nohl and Köchel in collecting and sorting these documents, we cannot but think that in cases of this sort selection and commentary are absolutely essential. It is no doubt desirable to publish all that can give anything like a real insight into the character of a great man, but one feels a kind of shame at bringing hasty notes on purely domestic and ephemeral matters into evidence. It is like Sergeant Buzfuz commenting on Mr. Pickwick's "chops and Tomato sauce."

Setting aside, however, the unimportant letters about lodgings and servants, and those to publishers on matters of business, there are some portions of these volumes which cannot fail to be interesting. In particular, the few passages in which Beethoven alludes to the sad subject of his increasing deafness are most touching. He seems, indeed, at first to have endeavoured to conceal the fact of his malady from all but a few intimate friends and relations. In a passionate appeal to his brothers not hastily to condemn him as a misanthrope, he says:—

I found it impossible to say to others: Speak louder, shout! for I am deaf! Alas! how could I proclaim the deficiency of a sense which ought to have been more perfect with me than with other men—a sense which I once possessed in the highest perfection, to an extent, indeed, that few of my profession ever enjoyed!

Sometimes, tempted by my natural inclination for society, I allowed myself to be beguiled into it. But what humiliation when anyone beside me heard a flute in the far distance, while I heard nothing, or when others heard a shepherd singing, and I still heard nothing! Such things brought me to the verge of desperation, and well nigh caused me to put an end to my life.

Indeed, when we reflect upon the intense mental suffering which this peculiar disease must have caused to such a man, we feel that it would be hopeless to look for anything like geniality in his character, and peruse his petulant, abrupt notes, and his evident distrust of all around him, with no other feeling than that of grave pity. All his friends, indeed, came in for rebuke or sarcasm from time to time, once even his pupil, Ferdinand Ries, whom he does seem to have believed in and trusted wholly. The true nobleness of Beethoven's nature comes out, however, in the series of letters to his nephew. Upon this not very worthy object he concentrated in the latter part of his life the whole force of his affection, and a grave, long-suffering tenderness pervades every line that he writes to or concerning him. Of other intimate personal relationships we learn little from these volumes. Three high-flown letters to the Countess Guicciardi (who jilted him for Gallenberg) are given, but one cannot help feeling that he expressed passion better in notes than in words. For his patron the Archduke Rudolph he seems to have entertained a real affection, which peeps out even through the deferential style in which he usually addresses him.

From the numerous letters to publishers, offering works for sale or inveighing against piracy, we select one which has the interest of being an early attempt to write in the English language to Mr. Birchall:—

Mr. Beethoven send word to Mr. Birchall that

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it is several days past that he has sent for London Wellington's Battel Sinphonie and that Mr. B[irchall] may send for it at Thomas Coutts. Mr. Beethoven wish Mr. B. would make ingrave the sayd Sinphonie so soon as possible and send him word in time the day it will be published that he may prevend in time the publisher in Vienna.

In regard the 3. Sonata which Mr. Birchall receive afterwerths there is not wanted such a gt. hurry and Mr. B. will take the liberty to fixe the day when the are to be published.

Mr. B[irchall] sayd that Mr. Salomon has a good many tings to say concerning the Synphonie in G [F A].

Mr. B[ethoven] with for a answer so soon as possible concerning the days of the publication.

A short time afterwards he tries his hand at French, with no much better result; but his English afterwards improves greatly, so much so, indeed, considering the shortness of the interval, that we suspect the later letters to Mr. Birchall were corrected by some friend.

We have said enough to show that this collection, valuable as it probably will be to future biographers, and possessing, as it does, a certain melancholy interest, is not likely to become a very popular book. We must be for the present content to read the character of Beethoven as we read that of Shakespeare, from his works.

NEW NOVELS.

"Shot!" By Frederick Sheridan. (T. C. Newby.)

THIS novel, the author tells us in the commencement, is founded on what occurred in a certain village some years ago. The chief character of the work is named Lawless, and is a captain in the Grenadier Guards. He is the son of the heiress of Sturdith, an estate once belonging to the Deymont family in the younger branch, but which Mrs. Lawless had separated by marrying a Captain Lawless, instead of her cousin, Lord Sturdith, whose father was the head of the Deymonts. Lord Deymont has at the time of the novel only two surviving children, Lord Sturdith and Lady Clementina Deymont. In order to unite again the two families, the Deymonts wish Lawless to marry Lady Clementina. Lord Deymont had lost his only brother, who left a son and daughter, Guy and Marion Deymont. Lawless goes to spend his Christmas at Deymont, and soon shows that his attachment is towards Marion, and not Clementina Deymont. There are three other persons staying in the house besides the family when Lawless arrives—Sir Anthony, Lady, and Miss Constance Tyler. Out of these *dramatis personæ*, with the addition of a gipsy named Jim, the plot is constructed.

Lawless is snubbed by Marion, who shows an evident predilection for her cousin, Lord Sturdith, at a ball which the whole party attend. The next day there is to be a battue at Hilton Wood. The night of the ball a ghost story is told by Lord Deymont. A young lady who was to have married a former Lord Sturdith haunted the old house, because her lover had been murdered by a Deymont of Sturdith at this Hilton Wood. This, we are informed, occurred about two hundred years before the date of the present narrative.

After the ball, early next day, Lord Sturdith walks out with his intended, Marion, to the wood. They are not missed, however. Lawless is found asleep in bed, and declines to join the shooting-party, preferring to ride over to his own place, Sturdith. Lord Sturdith is found "shot" in the forehead, with Marion lying senseless by his side, and covered with his blood. Jim the Gipsy is supposed to have been the murderer, and is committed for trial on the coroner's warrant, but escapes. Some time elapses, and Lawless, having in vain tried to win Marion's affections, joins his regiment, which is ordered to the Crimea. Lawless is wounded, and in the hospital is attended by Marion, who has devoted herself as a sister of mercy. She

hears a terrible revelation made by Lawless, and returns herself to England. Lawless after the war also comes home, and meets Constance Tyler, to whom he engages himself. Marion, on hearing of the match, tells Constance that she must never marry Lawless, as it would make her miserable, and she sends for Lawless, and gives him to understand that she knows who murdered Sturdith, her lover. Lawless breaks off his engagement with Constance, who really is devoted to him. Marion Deymont dies, leaving a letter only to be opened by her brother in case of Jim's being taken up for the murder of Lord Sturdith. Lawless is again on a visit at Deymont, and sleeps in the same apartment he had had before the late murder. In this room, said to be haunted, are the portraits of the former lovers, whose melancholy fate happened 200 years before. Croft, the servant of Lawless, shows his master that he is aware who really murdered Lord Sturdith, and extorts 2,000*l.* from him as hush-money. Jim the Gipsy is taken up, but Croft, desirous of getting the large reward offered for the discovery of the murderer, sends to denounce his master Lawless. Lawless rides out, and is thrown off on the very spot where he shot Sturdith, and is fatally wounded. He confesses his crime to Guy—Marion's brother—and dies. Guy becomes Lord Deymont, and unites again the properties of Sturdith and Deymont by marrying his cousin Clementina.

The story is well narrated. We are forewarned that we are not to remember its similarity to "The Gipsy," by James, as the author claims a priority of invention for himself.

Clemency Franklyn. By the Author of "Janet's Home." (Macmillan & Co.)

CLEMENCY is a very pleasing character, unselfish, and ready to do anything to further other people's happiness. She is living with her aunt, Miss Arnays, who is taking care of her, her father having married again. Arthur Yonge is a constant visitor at Miss Arnays', and is evidently attached to Clemency. His grandfather, a mine owner, had failed, and is living as a miser. Mrs. Edgecombe, who has an only son in India, a colonel, who has distinguished himself, particularly desires her son (who had left home because of a quarrel with his father) to marry her god-daughter Clemency. The Serles are a family somewhat down in the world. Sydney Serle is also a god-daughter of Mrs. Edgecombe's, but is considered by that lady weak, although very pretty. Colonel Edgecombe returns to England, and of course does not fall in love with Clemency, although she has a fancy for him, but attaches himself to Sydney Serle. Miss Serle has engaged herself to a Mr. Humphreys, not from affection, but to escape a miserable home. She throws Humphreys overboard, and accepts the Colonel, who beseeches Clemency to reconcile Mrs. Edgecombe to the match. This she finally effects at the risk of disclosing her own disappointment to her god-mother. The Colonel marries Sydney Serle, but is not altogether satisfied with his choice, as she has little but her looks to recommend her, and he has been accustomed to intellectual pursuits. A mine, which is in danger of being inundated from water in an old shaft, belongs to Mr. Franklyn; Rolla, his son, finds out the danger, and Clemency gets the money promised as a loan to her father by Colonel Edgecombe. Sydney Edgecombe, during the absence of her husband, opens the letter, and gives the money, 400*l.*, to her own brother, to pay some pressing debts. The mine becomes inundated while Mr. Franklyn and Rolla are in it; they are with difficulty saved by Arthur Yonge. Clemency, who really has had a great liking for Yonge, marries him at last. He having discovered the secret which his grandfather had ruined himself in seeking, becomes partner with some firm, and succeeds in life. The Colonel meets with a dreadful accident on the railway. On coming home his wife confesses all her sins to her husband—namely, her pre-engagement to Humphreys, and her embezzlement of the

money to enable her brother to pay his racing debts. This is altogether a very pretty tale, and well told; the diction simple but effective. The moral is well conveyed in the unhappiness which Sydney brings on herself by her want of rectitude. The slight sketch we have given by no means does justice to the tale, which is made interesting by the life-like character of the conversations, as well as by the mental trials of the persons introduced.

The Man of His Day. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE parish of Eastburn, near a large manufacturing town in the north of England, is the locality where one of the chief personages of this novel is introduced to our notice, Mrs. Stowell Wilson, the wife of the steward of Sir William Sumner, and the chief agent of mischief in the book. The steward makes a great speech at a *fête* held in honour of Sir W. Sumner's succession to the estate of Eastburn, and gives a purse containing his subscription to the school and other good objects of the parish. Mrs. Stowell Wilson is furious at his waste of money, as she is much in debt; on her return home she discovers to her husband the fact that he has given 50*l.* instead of 5*l.* to the charities of the place; she drives her husband out of the house by her ungovernable temper. In a fit of penitence she goes to her Bible, and there finds the missing 50*l.* note; this she afterwards steals for her own use, and suffers from remorse throughout the book. Sir William Sumner is a professed infidel, who marries the heiress of a neighbouring estate to please his grandfather, contrary to his own wishes. Some years previous to the *fête* at Eastburn there lived at Minerva Crescent, London, a Mr. Helmsley, a man possessing about 3,000*l.* per annum. His family consisted of a paralytic wife, a son, Ernest, a daughter, and a ward, Frances von Engel; all these people are strong-minded—i.e., not religious, but philosophical. We find the family at Minerva Crescent waiting for Miss von Engel, who is returning from a visit to Eastburn. Frances has met with a young man who assists her at the station to find her carriage; this young man leaves her to Ernest Helmsley, who declares the stranger to be William Sumner. This little incident is afterwards made use of, we therefore record it. William Sumner, after this encounter with Miss Engel, marries, and eventually succeeds his grandfather; he has been living at Nice with his wife and two daughters. The Eastburn estate is left to him by an aunt, Miss Stukeley, whose name he takes; he comes home to see Eastburn, and learns that the Helmsleys are living near. Old Job, a half-witted letter-bag carrier, gives us a good deal of information in a conversation he holds with another man, Sir William Groom; hence we learn that the Helmsleys never go to church, that the new steward ben't much, talks too much, and spends too much—that Miss Engel has heaps of letters, one of them from Ernest we are permitted to read, the gist of it is to calm Frances's mind, which had become uneasy in believing nothing. "She is not to commit herself by attending church services, but to read such works as will strengthen the intellect." Frances von Engel had been brought out of the scepticism which pervaded her home as its moral atmosphere. She had been brought up without a creed among those who boasted their exemption from religious trammels, yet who were eminently virtuous. Mr. Helmsley, however, had sunk into one evil habit, he drank to excess. Ernest Helmsley is engaged to a Lucy Haddon, rich, but with an antipathy to Frances von Engel. We have now cleared the way for the plot, which is simply this: Frances von Engel struggles to be a Christian, and cannot love Ernest, who really loves her more than Lucy Haddon, because she is in love with Sir W. Stukeley.

There is a clever scene when Ernest, who is a celebrated writer and the man of his day, effectually crushes an American adventurer whom he meets at a party given by one of

the "body of Presbyterian Protestant Dissenters," a sect described as zealous about nothing,—ordinary people considered it heretical;—they "scorned all creeds, rituals, forms, and ceremonies as mere superstitions carrying people who are strong into maelstroms in which they are lost for ever." At the "Haddons" then Ernest demolishes the Yankee on table-turning, on which the citr'-Atlantic had already preached six sermons. An experiment is made on table-turning, which fails, till Ernest succeeds personally, and tells the prophet to "shut up," which he does, and is lost sight of for ever. Sir William Stukeley takes his friends the Helmsleys, and Frances von Engel, Mr. and Mrs. Stowell Wilson, and the curate of Eastburn a drive. Mrs. Stowell Wilson gets a confession out of Sir W. that he once loved Frances von E.; the steward's wife purposes to turn this to her own account. Ernest finds F. von E. attending church and is angry with her; he so terrifies her in an interview in which he expresses his devotion to her and represents the difficulties of her position in such a light, that she determines to leave his family and shift for herself; he offers her his hand in marriage, but she declines, and seeks for friendship and support from Mrs. Stowell Wilson. Lady Stukeley meanwhile has arrived in England; Frances von Engel is discovered by the curate almost starving in a poor lodging, and is persuaded, under the name of Miss Winter, to become governess to Lady Stukeley's family. Frances is almost recognized by Sir W. Stukeley as his first ideal love, but they meet as strangers. Ernest bribes Mrs. S. Wilson to take his part in endeavouring to get Frances von Engel under his authority again. Miss Winter and the housekeeper in a conversation give us two facts—one that the Stukeley family are under a curse, and will be heirless if their marriages are not those of affection; the other tells us Miss Engel's own reasons for leaving the Helmsley family—she could not bear to live on them, as she no longer held their opinions, she was therefore self-exiled. Lady Stukeley and her new-born heir both die. Miss Winter, *alias* Frances von Engel, becomes blind. It appears that Mrs. Wilson had hoped to get Ernest Helmsley to hand over Miss Engel to her own guardianship for two reasons—first for the sake of the money; secondly, from a superstitious wish to get Frances to pray for her, as she considers herself beyond prayer. At the end Frances marries Sir William, Ernest Helmsley having released her from a promise to marry himself. He dies abroad, and Sir W. and Lady Stukeley have an heir, who escapes the curse and lives. The plot is so slight that it is difficult to keep it in mind, nor does Mrs. Stowell Wilson's conduct seem sufficiently flagitious for her remorse. The novel contains much reflective writing, with several clever strokes at false religion as exemplified in nominal Christians.

FOX'S NEW ZEALAND.

The War in New Zealand. By William Fox, A.M., late Colonial Secretary and Native Minister of the Colony. With Two Maps and a Plan. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

IF the prophecies of Mr. Fox about the future of the Maori race be correct, and they are unfortunately supported by a great deal of historical evidence in similar cases, wars in New Zealand will soon be things of the past. There must be two parties to every quarrel, and if one of them vanishes away under the continuous presence of the other, the latter is almost as powerful as if it could turn its foe at once into stone. But Mr. Fox goes further than any other Anthropologist we are acquainted with. Whether the Europeans remain in New Zealand or not, and even if they had never landed there at all, the Maori would be extinct "in an exceedingly brief period. The habits of life which lead to this lamentable result are in no way attributable to the presence of the European in the country. They are, according to Wilkes, Cheever, and all who have

studied the condition of the Polynesian race universal wherever the race is found, and the one great cause of its rapid decline in all the islands which it inhabits." Without denying that the race was very likely on the decrease when Cook first landed, it by no means follows that, if undisturbed in its native localities, diminution must infallibly have ended in extinction. Mr. Fox has arrived far too hastily at a conclusion. Population everywhere must be either increasing, stationary, or diminishing; and it is well known that in the uncivilized parts of the world the oscillations are far more violent than where science and jurisprudence have combined to neutralize the effects of war, pestilence, and famine. Because Cook discovered Polynesia when the inhabitants were falling off in numbers, proves nothing. Spain, during the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries, lost ground very considerably in point of population. The details of this have been given at length by Mr. Buckle; but Spain has recovered. The whole of Europe, at least that part of it which was included in the Roman Empire, was less populous three centuries ago than in the time of Nerva and the Antonines, and is now more densely inhabited than at any preceding time. The reason of these and similar oscillations are told once for all by Malthus; and there is every reason to suppose that Polynesia might have recovered from her temporary depression, like other far more civilized countries. But a new element was introduced—the white man; a new race began to take possession of the superfluous soil. Hence if the aborigines were to show a tendency to recover in point of numbers, they would find the ground occupied; and the very reason which would prevent their obeying the ordinary laws of population has been pressed against them as if there was something abnormal in their continuing to diminish, when being constantly deprived of the soil from which they derive their supplies and sustentation. It is true savages require more land to live upon than the civilized representatives of their species or genus; but we doubt if even the brute creation are any exception to the general law, that population is always pressing upon the means of subsistence. Had Mr. Fox extended his area of observation a little beyond the Maori race, perhaps he would not have assailed the "Aborigines Protection Society" so roughly. We do not endorse the policy of missionaries or professed philanthropists; but colonists are equally doubtful authorities. To "protect aborigines" is a thankless task in the face of Teutons, who are seized with an all-devouring earth-hunger; but it is an attempt which has given birth to scientific results, which may be useful in dealing with inferior families of mankind, whose extirpation is not so much a matter of mere time as that of the unfortunate New Zealanders.

We prefer Mr. Fox in narrative to Mr. Fox in speculation. His style is lucid, and he does much to correct popular errors on the origin and conduct of the late wars. That of 1860 was brought about by Governor Browne. The sole responsibility of the last one of 1863 rests on Thompson and the Waikato tribe. It is amusing enough to find the Emperor of Austria, and that through the instrumentality of the press, one of the indirect causes of the revolt. "The king natives had, for some time past, been in the habit of issuing an occasional sheet of newspaper, on a very small scale, in support of the principles of kingship. It was printed at a press which had been sent to them by the Emperor of Austria." Unfortunately, the Emperor's press, as has happened before, was completely vanquished by a more enlightened journal. The conductor of the first, animated by a truly royal spirit, marched down in force, and destroyed the offending types. Shortly afterwards the outbreak of the 4th of May, 1863, took place at Taranaki. The wholesale destruction of the European settlements was certainly contemplated, and it was time for our army to be on the move. It did so, and was at first successful; but it

stopped short in the hour of victory. The fatal mistake only led to further bloodshed. The terrible superstition of Pai Marire was originated by drinking the blood of the British soldiers who fell in the skirmish near Kaitaki Pah in 1864. Never was a new religion formed so speedily. "A large infusion of Judaism, some leading features of Mormonism, a little mesmerism, a touch of spiritualism, occasional ventriloquism, and a large amount of cannibalism, are the characteristic features which it exhibits." How this culminated in the murder of such persons as Mr. Charles Broughton and the Rev. M. Völkner is well known. We fear Mr. Fox will not succeed in making the details of the campaigns in New Zealand very attractive to Englishmen. We take it for granted that all sorts of blunders were committed at first, which were eventually overcome by the gallantry of the troops. He can, however, set many a member of Parliament, or even of the Ministry, right on points which may one day again be important. A colonist of New Zealand almost from its foundation, he has a right to be heard—and if it be true that "what has been going on there for some time past means a penny in the pound on the Income-tax," we are all interested in arriving at the facts of a question on which Mr. Fox ought to be one of the best referees to whom we can apply.

FOLK-LORE.

Icelandic Legends. Collected by Jón. Arnason. Translated by G. E. T. Powell and Eiríkr. Magnússon. Second Series, with Notes and Introductory Essay. (Longmans.)

THE immense mass of folk-lore which has been preserved in Iceland bears no proportion at all to the number of its inhabitants, either past or present. The island seems to have become a reservoir in which the legends of several races, or of one race altered by the circumstances of different climate, and intermixture with outlying branches of the same stock, were poured, and preserved, as in a final refuge, from wanderings both by land and by sea. Much of its early population came, of course, direct from Norway; but the Scandinavian element had been sweeping over the Shetlands, the Orkneys, and all the north of Scotland and England for centuries before Iceland became permanently settled. And the emigrations from these localities to the "Ultima Thule" of the Irish monk Dicuil had been continuous. The language was not perhaps much altered by this residence of the Scandinavians in a foreign land; but their mythology and their superstitions would necessarily undergo more change. Indeed no language appears to have altered less. "Every farmer's boy, and every servant in the country, reads with delight, even at this day, the classical works written in that noble and musical tongue." The strange physical aspect of the country itself would account for an unusual store of supernatural tales. The rivers, white as milk, running from the glaciers, direct into the sea. The rivers of red and burning lava rushing side by side from the volcanoes. A heaven filled with dust, and gloom, and ashes from the ceaseless eruptions. The number of the lakes; their supernatural clearness and emerald tints. The boiling fountains and the lofty peaks of ice and snow present contrasts which can be reconciled in the savage mind on no other supposition than that of a multiplicity of spirits, each powerful, struggling for existence, and antagonistic to the rest. But these are only the still features of the scene. The Northern Lights fill the whole "dome of night with flying javelins of many-coloured flame;" and from the marshy soil there spring up in troubled weather the storm-lights and corpse-candles, which flit hither and thither, and fix upon the heads of travellers, innocent or guilty. Independently of the scenery, the manners of the people have enlarged their folk-lore, and helped to produce the songs and ballads which fill the innumerable manuscripts preserved in the

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libraries of Copenhagen and of Stockholm. Banquets and feasts, prolonged through the polar nights, gave audiences and animated poets. The author of the "Islandsgabók—Libellus Islandorum"—Ari the Learned—was indebted for much of his book to Thoridr, the daughter of the priest Snorri. For the saga-tellers in Iceland have been principally women, who collect the family around them "sitting in the dusk."

The National Tales by Arnason fill 1,347 pages of close print in large octavo, and are divided into ten classes. The mythic series does not consist, as in most countries, of allegorized interpretations of the deeds of gods or heroes, but embraces stories of elves, water-monsters, and trolls. Throughout the rest of Europe the days of the week betray, for the most part, the heathen origin of their names. But Christianity gained so complete a conquest over the small and isolated portion of mankind in Iceland that nowhere have pagan superstitions been, in some respects, so completely effaced. The old traditions were, it is true, copied into the Sagas and the Eddas, and this being done they vanished from the mind of the people. The deeds of the gods were "written on parchment, and existed orally no more." But the enemies of Christianity survived in another form. Trolls and giants represent the ancient spirit which was sent out with sighing when the Church and the Gospel followed the pirate or the exile. They do the horrible as ogres and cannibals; are always of portentous size, for dwarfs have little place and no power in this land of natural convulsion; and take the form of human beings to disappear when their days of license are expired. Next in order come the "Goblin Stories." Ghosts play a very active part in the economy of Icelandic life. The ordinary ones need no remark, but the "Up-awakened"—those who are compelled to arise, much against their will, by the witch and the sorcerer—are very peculiar. They have a definite term of life—if it may be so called—in this factitious state. "During the first forty years these 'Up-awakened' grow more powerful every year. During the next forty years they are at a standstill; and during the forty ensuing years their strength wanes and wastes away. A greater *post-mortem* age is awarded to no ghost, save by extraordinary spells." Sometimes, however, when the sorcerer has thus, like Frankenstein, created his man, he is equally anxious to get rid of him, and place him quietly under the earth again. He must be inveigled, like the Genie in the "Arabian Nights," into some very small compass—into a bottle or a marrowbone—and then corked up tight. But there is the chance of his getting out, and it does not always follow that he shows much gratitude to his liberator. Our space will not permit us to go through all the subjects analyzed in the learned Introductory Essay to this interesting volume. The selection itself is the best explanation. The moral of the fables is always good, but this might be anticipated from their post-Christian origin. There is, perhaps, a little too much sameness in what may be called the motive. Kings end by reigning long and gloriously, and young couples subside into matrimony, as in other "folk-lore," ancient and modern, besides that of Iceland. But we can strongly recommend the book to the lovers of the marvellous; and many an English fireside may be enlivened by it without the natural accompaniments of sky and soil which produced the originals. It was said in rather a captious spirit of the first series that many of them were "irreverent." It will only be fair to conclude with a short specimen, which shows how the most sacred subjects may be treated with tenderness and respect:—

THE SAVIOUR AND THE GOLDEN PLOVERS.

Once on a Sabbath, Christ, in company with other Jewish children, amused himself in fashioning birds out of clay.

After that the children had amused themselves awhile herewith, one of the Sadducees chanced to come up to them. He was old and very zealous, and he rebuked the children for

spending their Sabbath in so profane an employment. And he let it not rest at chidings alone; but went to the clay birds and broke them all, to the great grief of the children.

Now, when Christ saw this, he waved his hands over all the birds he had fashioned, and they became forthwith alive, and soared up into the heavens.

And these birds are the golden plovers, whose note "deerrin" sounds like to the Iceland word "dyrdhin," namely, "glory;" for these birds sing praise to their Lord, for in that he mercifully saved them from the merciless hand of the Sadducee.

SPAIN IN '66.

Travelling in Spain in the Present Day. By Henry Blackburn. (Sampson Low & Co.)

HOWEVER obstructive College Dons may have been in days past to the progress of railways, their success in diverting the course of the locomotives for a mile or so from their own haunts is nothing to that attained by the people and Government of Spain. "It was decreed that, to prevent the possibility of an invasion by French locomotives and military trains in case of war, the 'gauge,' or width of rails, should vary from that in use in the rest of Europe!" Besides this, the "Great Northern of Spain" has only *one line* of rails for all traffic, every train being a goods train, with passenger-carriages in the middle." The objection of Spaniards to railways is a remarkable one—"they compel them to be tolerably punctual." And they appear very likely to carry their point against steam by unpunctuality in other ways besides that of time. "They"—railways—"are disappearing fast!" The line which once joined Madrid and Cordova now only reaches to Venta di Cardenas; and the "permanent way" of one or two lines near Barcelona is unsafe, and "going to pieces." Spain, however, is the land of contraries, and if the railways are slow the diligences are not, or at all events not always. Take the wild moonlight ride between Jaen and Bailen:—

The way before us was nearly flat, and the road hardly distinguishable (indeed, we lost it once or twice); nothing to be seen in front but the steaming backs, and heads, and gay trappings of ten madly-tearing horses, just discernible by the lamp above; nothing to be heard but the rattle of the vehicle and the jingling of bells. We could just make out, once or twice, something at the road-side—a tree, or a *patrole*, or a hut it might have been—but it was out of sight in an instant. Nothing could have stopped our horses suddenly; they had no bits or reins, and were simply running wild. Everything depended upon our postilion, who rode the leader, and was quietly peeling and eating apples all night.

The first building, and very nearly the only one, described by Mr. Blackburn, is the Cathedral of Burgos. Spaniards must have been a different race when it was built; though they still manage to keep it in better repair than their railways. He shuns the Escorial, and gets on to "royal Madrid" as quick as he can. Here he seems to have been at once bitten with that true passion for lounging which is the life of the Madrileños. He cannot get away, as he confesses, from the "Puerta del Sol." He certainly kept a diary, the scraps of which are amusing enough; but the plague of idleness was upon him, and he borrows whenever he wants from Street, Ford, and O'Shea; or now and then strikes out a little flash of humour from Mr. Sala, much in the same way as the crowd below his windows "scratched their fuses sometimes on the coat of a passer-by, in a contemplative, patronizing fashion." Dirt, discomfort, and high prices are the order of the day in Spain—that is to say, on the beaten tracks and in the great cities. And, after all, you will not see the country. It is not one to travel in. You must live in it; and, if time is no object, need spend no more money in a year than a tourist does in three months. Such is the moral of Mr. Blackburn's sketchy, well-printed, well-illustrated little book. He is hardly a companion to carry with us to Spain. He will not supersede Ford or O'Shea; but

he may lead up to them. He gives us, partly by the aid of Mr. Sala, the latest information about Spain, and he ends with an earnest appeal to tourists to lose no time:—

Each year a visit to Spain is postponed some of its characteristics will be lost. Costume is dying out—the cosmopolitan "chimney-pot" carries everything before it; old buildings fall, or are destroyed, to make way for French warehouses. Everything becomes dearer, and wherever the tourist goes in 1870 he will find that Manchester has been there before him. The artist has not an hour to lose; and we believe there never was a better time than this present year 1866 to visit the country, because now, for the first time, railways will take him rapidly [?] to within a short distance of his destination, and they have not yet done for Spain what they surely will do—destroy its picturesqueness, and banish all chivalry out of the land.

OVID.

The Metamorphoses of Ovid. By John Benson Rose. (Whittaker & Co.)

THE design of this book is excellent, but the execution cannot be sufficiently condemned. It is scarcely possible to imagine versification more crude or unmusical. Ovid's "Metamorphoses" has never met with the attention it deserves. There is not a single good English edition of it; and the idea of Mr. Rose to render it into heroic verse, and illustrate the legends with probable, or even fanciful interpretations suggested by feats of modern etymology, or by what has been called prehistoric archaeology, was essentially a good one. The original was the work of Ovid in his younger days, and does not give us a high idea of the religious philosophy of the time. There is but little order in the way the various stories are strung together, nor is there much attempt at a continuous narrative. The exordium is grand. The account of the creation, wherever derived from, is not wanting in a certain degree of sublimity. Mr. Rose is satisfied that Ovid derived his learning on this point from the Hebrew Scriptures, and there is no impossibility in the notion. "*Quisquis fuit ille*" is quite the "Unknown God" to whom altars were erected, not only at Athens, but at Mount Temaris, and at Mount Palatine in Rome. But the poet very soon deserts his guide, and descends to the story of the Four Ages, little thinking how his "Bronze Age" would be parodied by future archaeologists. The special strength of Mr. Rose lies in his notes. He speaks, at all events, with no uncertain voice. "I give an unbiassed assent to the fact that Noah and Saturn were the same—Saturn ate his own children by Rhea, which is explained by the entering into the ark, and the subsequent raising a mimic Ararat, or tumulus, and covering the shrine with a tumulus, and the nearly phonetic similarity of Beni (children) and Abeni (stones) caused such secret crypts to be termed Tartarus." After this it will be scarcely necessary to inform our readers that he follows, to use his own expression, "the condemned school of Dr. Jacob Bryant, Faber on the Cabeiri, and Davies' 'British Druids.'" We find ourselves on more common ground with him when he says that in these "Metamorphoses" there is nothing but perverted fact; and in another place he remarks very truly that "no legend that has lived centuries, and has withstood sneer and ridicule, can be absurd." It seems a very fanciful, though as far as we know it is a new idea, to say that "a cromlech is presented to us in the fable of Arachne, and the stony sacred ways surrounding, are the Kureem or Webs." The point of resemblance is the falling off of the spinster's hair, and the baring of the mound which discloses the naked stone. He gives us also a new rendering of the wit of Ulysses. "There is some blunder we have committed, in translating and commenting on Homer, in the name Outin. We have turned it into nonsense, and complain that 'Homer sleeps.' Odin, or Woden, was a Pontic god, a feaster off wine and swine, like Ulysses. If Odin

assail you, you must beseech your father Poseidon, say his fellow Cyclopes, when Ulysses puts out his light." We do not think this a very likely explanation of what seems a very obvious pun. Much more probable is his guess at the veritable "Dragon of Wantley." Verbeia, nymph of the Wharfe, whose image has been preserved on a stone, exactly answers to the description of Acis, and might easily have been taken for a fiery flying serpent. Mr. Rose deserves the credit of having pointed out a new field for scholarship—not an easy thing to do in these days. It seems a pity to produce a bald version instead of reprinting the translation of 1717 by Dryden and others. That edited by a competent person, well illustrated, and annotated with the latest results of modern research, would be a production well worthy of a Scientific Society which is ambitious to identify itself with everything new or old which may advance the study of Man.

FREDERIKA BREMER.

Twelve Months with Frederika Bremer. By Margaret Howitt. (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.)

IT is seldom that biographers can make enough out of the daily lives of their subjects to form a work of sufficient interest to take with the reading public. The creations of authors are generally very unlike the actual life led by them. Biographies are then only valuable when they give posterity a picture of the ways and means of a past generation. There is a great difference between a life of exploit and adventure, and an ordinary existence within the quiet pale of society, yet in really able hands the latter becomes infinitely more attractive. The reason appears to be this—that, after all, we are more gratified with thoughts and remarks which coincide with our own, than with the hurry-scurry of adventure. We require repose after so much of the unsettled railway speed of thought and deed. Pursuing the same idea, those authors are deservedly most popular who reflect back to a nation its own best features; who without cant are careful to show things in their true light—not only what a people are, but what they ought to be. This may be done in two ways—by holding up evil characters to our reprehension, or by creating exemplars of what is good. Here, again, a distinction must be drawn; for as the object of the writer is to interest above all things the heart as well as the mind of the persons to whom the work is addressed, there must not be over-preaching. Moreover, as deeds are, after all, the test of all lives, the personages must not be mere *fantoccini*, mouthpieces of the writer, but flesh and blood, men and women. To put the figures, then, not only into good clothing, but to set them on their feet and cause them to live before the eyes of the audience, not in a perpetual spring of perfection, but in the clouds and darkness and changes of the world—this requires consummate ability. Wherever there is such talent, a people will always gratefully acknowledge it, and claim the author as their own. This is a great fame. Every one will remember as a child the surprise felt at hearing that some great hero or heroine was not very tall and beautiful, and possessed of the chief power in the country. Nations are children in the simplicity of their homage to their own kings and queens. The name of the sovereign becomes merely the label to a drama containing the inestimable treasures of a people's life. Such a jewel must Frederika Bremer's name ever be to Sweden. The pride of an empire should be in its computation, not of its successful battles, but of the raw material out of which it could form at its desire instruments fit for its work in peace as well as in war. It is by the number of her sons and daughters who have in any way—it matters not how if the way be virtuous—elevated the whole tone and character of a country to a grand standard both of thought and action, that a nation must exist hereafter.

These remarks are suggested by the perusal of two volumes which give us, not only a good view of Miss Bremer in her private life, but also a most interesting description of the Swedes themselves. We are brought face to face most charmingly with Swedish manners. How often we feel in reading a book of travels that we are learning very little new, and that the traveller might just as well have saved the trouble of the journey, and given us the benefit of those reflections at home which are but homespun. In the two small volumes, but especially the second, there are plenty of materials for novel-makers; in fact, the work itself reads something like one of Miss Bremer's own novels. There is a freshness of description and a skilful use of anecdotes, and in general a power manifest of saying what is interesting without becoming prosy, which will make the work popular. One anecdote shows the simpleness of the lower class among the Swedes in a very natural light. Two servants had received tickets for a theatre, but reappearing quickly, are asked by their mistress why they have returned so soon. "You have surely never been to the theatre?" "Oh, yes, we went to the theatre, and sat there," said they, "till suddenly a curtain drew up and some ladies and gentlemen began talking together, but as it was on family matters we felt we were intruding, and so came home." What a capital lesson for those who wish to educate the poor by main force, whether they will or not. How often the curtain draws up and we want to go home when a certain class of books is before us. A picture of Oliver Cromwell is mentioned as preserved at Gripsholm. Is not this the one sent to Queen Christina with Milton's Latin verses in Cromwell's name? An anecdote of a hewer of wood and drawer of water will be very comforting to persons who complain of dullness and want of occupation. "Is not your work very monotonous?" "No, indeed, there is plenty of variety in it; sometimes it's wood and sometimes it's water."

We must not take up more space; but the stories are so well told—not a word too many or too few—that we must repeat a most pathetic historical event. It would be difficult to increase the effect by the utmost eloquence of poetry or prose, so vividly is the scene made to arise before us. The story is connected with a noble Swedish family with whom the writer became intimate:—

The wicked Christian II., surnamed the Tyrant, seized and beheaded Sir Lindorm Reder and his servants in Jönköping, after which, seeing by chance his two little boys, the one eight and the other six, and fearing that they might grow up to revenge their father's death, he determined to take their lives. The elder boy was first led out and beheaded; the younger was then brought out for the same purpose, but he, having no idea of what happened, and seeing his brother's clothes lying in a heap, and his stained and bloody shirt above them, turned with childish innocence to the executioner, saying, "Dear man, don't stain my shirt like my brother's, for then mamma will whip me." The executioner threw his sword away, saying, "I would rather bloody my own shirt than thine." But the tyrant remained untouched, and calling for another man less merciful, both the child's head and that of the first executioner were struck off together.

The book concludes with some letters from Miss Bremer to Miss Howitt, and with an account of Miss Bremer's death and funeral. A short but beautiful tribute to Miss Bremer's light, loving, cheerful disposition forms the fit conclusion to a most agreeable work.

PETO'S AMERICA.

The Resources and Prospects of America ascertained during a Visit to the States in the Autumn of 1865. By Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P. (Strahan.)

IF a strong reaction were to take place on this side the Atlantic in favour of American principles and American securities, and if the old and not altogether ill-founded reputation of some at least of the States for repudiative tendencies was to be

altogether displaced, it would only be in the natural order of things. And yet if such a revulsion of feeling were carried very much further than we at present see any symptoms of, it could scarcely lead to any very exaggerated estimate of the resources of America, and the stability of her institutions. The capital of her debt is not much less than that of our own; the annual interest almost the same; and it has only just been incurred. Yet already "the cry of the whole population is that 'the Debt must be paid, and can be paid,' whilst it is only after fifty years of peace that we are ourselves beginning to look our liabilities steadily in the face, and realize the fact that we are spending the inheritance of our posterity. Even the Chancellor of the Exchequer can only contemplate a very miserable reduction of his sum total in the same period of thirty years in which the President looks forward to complete liquidation. There must be some valid reasons for so much confidence, and Sir Morton Peto has accumulated and digested for us the statistics which have led him to the conclusion that this confidence in their capacity to make good the boast of Mr. Johnson must be shared by his readers as well as inspired by the Americans themselves.

The United States receive annually from Europe an enormous tribute in two kinds, men and money. Mr. Carlyle has calculated that a live European man with his five fingers must be worth more than a horse. He probably is worth a very great deal more to a country which can provide him with land and occupy him with labour. But no emigrant comes empty-handed, like a dumb animal. Amongst the poorest class of immigrants the average sum which each man brings is 13*l.* 12*s.* Amongst the higher class it has been estimated at 36*l.* We must, however, reduce this sum considerably in practice, because enormous amounts are remitted by the immigrants to their friends in Europe to enable them to follow their example. The money therefore brought by each settler has not unfrequently been derived immediately from the very country to which he returns it. But if we were to reckon that every able-bodied man brought nothing but himself, like Moses on his return from the fair, the value of the 200,000 or 300,000 annual immigrants would not be sensibly diminished. For America can set them to work, as soon as ever they arrive, on the most profitable of all occupations, in a country where the soil is untouched and the means of communication unlimited. Not quite one-third of the vast territory of the Republic, in size somewhat larger than Europe, has hitherto been surveyed, and "seven-eighths of the entire population are engaged in agricultural pursuits, or in the various professions and trades materially dependent thereupon." Sir Morton Peto considers therefore the Americans to be mistaken when they speak of themselves as a great manufacturing community. They include under the head of manufactures flour, even meal, and lumber; even beer and spirits are "manufactured produce," and also the annual value of their "fisheries." In our sense of the word, the estimate of American manufactures must be very much diminished. Indeed, one-half of the country is innocent altogether of what we intend thereby. Till lately in the city of Mobile it was impossible to find a working hatter. The war has developed a certain amount of manufacturing industry in the South, but it remains to be seen whether that will be permanent. It is not likely this analysis of the American estimates will be much relished by Sir Morton's Transatlantic readers; but it is always good service to set straight false accounts, and however ubiquitous the Yankee may be, he cannot employ seven-eighths of his numbers on the soil and one-third in the shop at the same time.

We noticed in our review of M. Laugel's book last week the daily slaughter of hogs at Chicago. Here is a still more vivid picture of the new "Porkopolis." "At Chicago a million pigs die every year for the benefit of

the public. They are all killed by machinery in the quickest and most scientific way. Within twenty minutes of the time of your hearing the pig squeak, he is killed, cut up, packed in barrels, and on his way to Europe." There is a little touch of exaggeration here as to time, for the honours of a kind of *chapelle ardente* have to be paid to the victims; but, on the other hand, every particle of the animal is utilized. His very offal is retained for purposes of manure, and in process of years enters, no doubt, into other swine, so that the same substances may suffer the same death a thousand times over.

Sir Morton's pages, as he says himself, "bristle with figures." To the statistician his book will be invaluable. But it must be studied, not read. His concluding chapter is popular. He remarks on the *diffusion* of wealth in the States, and its bearing on the question of Universal Suffrage. He says, rightly enough, that citizens are not measured by their wealth. But he forgets that perhaps it would be as well if they were so measured a little more. Not merely the very wealthy, but the refined man, the intellectual man, and generally what we should call the superior men in America, are pushed aside, and avoid mingling in public life at all. This is a public misfortune, which is scarcely compensated for by an absence of individual grandeur, or a rude indifference to the superior gifts of nature or of fortune. The author's partiality for the States does not blind him to the fact that England is less appreciated by the Americans than it ought to be. They have a great love for us, and are extremely sensitive both to our praise and blame; but with their affection and jealousy is mingled an idea that we are somewhat "finished" and senile. They make this country one of passage, and not of residence. They fancy they can take us in at a glance. Our errors towards them are of the opposite kind. But every book like Sir Morton's, like every steamer which crosses the Atlantic, will make the way to mutual understanding easier. It has been said that we should never respect America until we had fought seriously with her, and found how she could fight. But that was at a time when no such thing was anticipated as civil war in the Republic of Washington. We can estimate the capacity of America for fighting when necessary, without trying the strength of her arm upon ourselves. But if America is not inferior to any European nation in her power of taking up arms, she knows much better than any country ever did before how to lay them down. "Sherman's antagonists are in the express and railroad business. The once-dreaded Beauregard will sell you a ticket from New Orleans to Jackson; and, if you want to send a couple of hams to a friend in Richmond, Joe Johnston, once commander of great armies, will carry them. The man whose works Grant moved upon at Donelson edits an indifferent newspaper in New Orleans, while the commander of the rebel cavalry at Corinth is his local reporter. Marshall practices law in New Orleans; Forrest is running a saw-mill; Dick Taylor is now having a good time in New York; Roger A. Pryor is a daily practitioner in our courts;" and so with others; and Sir Morton's personal experience confirmed the facts. The reason is, civil occupations are so easily to be obtained, and are so remunerative, that none were found to prolong a struggle as soon as it was clearly hopeless. It was the boast of the tyrant that he could raise an army with the stamp of his foot. It has been the glory of a modern Republic to make a million of armed men become citizens by a word, without even implying anything but honour thereby.

HAWAII.

Hawaii: The Past, Present, and Future of its Island Kingdom. An Historical Account of the Sandwich Islands, Polynesia. By Manley Hopkins. With a Preface by the Bishop of Oxford. Second Edition. (Longmans).

WHO has not, with the author of "Kosmos," felt the longing to visit unknown

climes and peoples—the desire to feast the eyes on entirely new scenery, and to relieve the mind by presenting it with a fresh stock of matter for reflection? Much fault has been found in the present day with one of the most eloquent of our English poets, because he has described with wonderful power what was at that time almost unknown to the inhabitants of our retired island; but the statement that he was merely a Murray in verse is no slight slur on ourselves and our generation. It surely cannot detract from the fame of a great poet, if works describing the wonders of other countries are now so cleverly written that we despise what was once venerated merely because it is no longer inimitable. Another age will most likely be equally weary of reflective poetry; when it has learned to absorb the truth of those reflections it will call the author who first made them a rhapsodist. We ought, then, to be exceedingly grateful to either historian or poet who increases our fund of intellectual riches, although, like all upstarts, we undervalue what we have obtained at too slight cost from our wealthy fathers. There can be no doubt that there are so many persons capable of giving most interesting accounts of their travels, that it is difficult amidst so much excellence for any one to stand confessedly superior to his brothers of the pen. This habit of carping at our predecessors because they have taught us, reminds us a little of our own sensations after leaving London to come down into a neighbourhood where railways had only just been opened. Everything appeared dwarfed as we got further from the metropolis; we had imbibed such a sense of magnitude from the great buildings we had lately seen, that we stepped out of the carriage at the small provincial station with something of Gulliver's care amongst the Lilliputians, lest we should trample some lesser mortal to atoms. Our grandeur was very shortly dissipated by a rough push from a yokel, who did not seem, although he gaped with his mouth at the train, to accord us any particular respect. Our mortification was complete. It would be better if our American cousins when they talk of the size of their country, and it would be better for ourselves when we undervalue what has preceded us, if we both remembered that very little of either quality, size, or capacity may be our own special property. The description of the isles known as the Sandwich hitherto, but which have now recovered their ancient name, Hawaii, is most graphic. Mauna Loa, the volcanic mountain, with its enormous arena, where the lava boils up like blood and flows down huge clefts of the mountain in fiery waves and liquid lava-spray, is the most tremendous spectacle as yet offered to our minds. On the 23rd of January, we are told, the fire rose 250 feet above the crater, which is nine miles in circuit; the descending lava presented a head of incandescence 200 rods in width, curving over the mountain sides like a blood-red snake, and occasionally leaping sheer down a pali.

A curious fibrous substance, resembling threads of flax, but brittle as glass, is found on the bushes growing on the banks of the crater. In many places it covers these shrubs like cobwebs. Pele's hair is the name given to this substance, found near the dwelling of that most feared divinity. Mountains capped with snow, 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, contrasting with a deep blue tropical sky; dark forests, sheets of foam rushing over the coral reefs, huge precipices of 3,000 feet depth, their caverns hollowed out by the restless surges below—such are the chief features of the country. A people of ardent yet kindly nature, hospitable to a fault, acting much on the impulse of the moment, yet brave to that degree that even their women would advance to the front of the battle side by side with their husbands, bearing a calabash of water in one hand and poisoning a dart or holding a stone with the other; if their warrior was killed they seldom thought it

worth while to survive—such were the inhabitants.

The history of the civilization of this race reads like a short summary of the slower growth of centuries in other lands, condensed into less than fifty years. The system of idolatry and of the taboo which arose from superstitious dread of evil influences, fell together at a single feast. The American missionaries became the chief influence of Hawaii; but their form of Christianity was founded too much on the terrorism of Calvin instead of the great essential principle of divine love, and the usual effect followed—a nation, not of converts, but of hypocrites. Since then, at the desire of the last King—a desire which had often been expressed by former sovereigns of the isles—a branch of the Church of England has been established at Honolulu. There are many to whom a pure Gospel seems only to be obtained by living in a metaphorical Sahara, stripped of everything but a few bitter gentians; there are others to whom music and the works of nature are necessary concomitants of a faith which believes in the kindness and goodness of the Supreme Being. Such are the Hawaiians, whose love of flowers did not prevent their displaying the utmost indifference to death. The natural disposition of this small nation is everything opposite to the gloomy and morose, and Christianity must be proposed to them in such form that it may really be a benefit and not a burden. Men will not be driven, like sheep into a pen, into religion; and the human heart refuses to be transformed by enactments, penalties, and imprisonments. The Sandwich Islands are now independent; the Hawaiians, however, are gradually wasting in numbers, owing to their own want of morality. It is to be hoped that this sad fate of extinction may not befall one of the most interesting people of the world.

The book will be read with avidity by all who take it in hand. One great name mentioned in it, however, like too many fictions of the past, is very considerably depreciated by the truth—we refer to that of Cook, whose death was caused very much by his own imprudence. It appears that he was mistaken for one of their deities, whose return had been prophesied; and that as Lono, the Hawaiian Hercules, he permitted the people to offer him divine honours. Cook seems, also, to have interfered with the system of taboo, in order to obtain what he required for his ships, and even went so far as to strip a sacred inclosure for sake of fuel. After Cook's murder by the natives, his bones were preserved for worship. So little does revenge, the usual master spirit of savages, actuate the Hawaiians.

The book contains portraits of Queen Emma and of her late husband, with views of the isles, the great crater Kilanea, into which a female descended to teach her neighbourhood to despise the goddess Pele, who had been so long the terror of the land. The presence of Queen Emma of Hawaii in England, after her sad bereavement of her husband and only child, for the purpose of obtaining assistance for her own beloved people, has drawn the public attention to the subject of Hawaii. Nothing will be more opportune than the publication of this volume for the satisfaction of the curiosity of those interested in the cause. An admirable preface has been written by the Bishop of Oxford.

Le Rôle de Jésus et des Apôtres. Par le Dr. J. M. Rabinowicz. 1 Vol. 8vo. (Brussels: Lacroix; London: Nutt.)—Here we have an attempt to vindicate the character of the Jews, who were Jesus' contemporaries, and who during eighteen centuries have been so unsparingly reviled. The following are the most important points which this work is intended to establish. The highest degree of toleration was manifested by the Pharisees towards the Christians, for "the churches had rest throughout Judea and Galilee, and . . . were multiplied." Enmity was always given rise to by the miracles of Jesus and the Apostles; and as the Pharisees did not acknowledge them as true, they were unavoidably compelled to regard them as the means of mis-

leading the people. The intolerance displayed by the Apostles, and by Jesus himself, who said, "I pray not for the world, but for them which thou [God] hast given me," that is to say, for the Christians who had been moved by grace—this intolerance is contrasted with numerous passages, which prove that all the Jews, from King Solomon to the Pharisees, continued to offer prayers and sacrifices for the welfare of the pagans. The most strenuous efforts were exerted by the Pharisees in propagating monotheism among the Gentiles. Jesus himself said of them that they "compass sea and land to make one proselyte." He, however, prohibited his Apostles from appealing to the Gentiles. The doctrines of Jesus and his system of morality are inferior to those of the Pharisees, as his prophecies are inferior to those of Moses. Jesus never entertained any idea for a reform of Judaism, nor for the least modification of the ceremonies of the Pharisees; he, on the contrary, continually enjoined the most scrupulous observance of them. He was in this respect more Jewish than the Jews, for he ever had an eminently national and political aim in view, that of becoming King of the Jews. This book contains a consideration of the different kinds of proofs upon which Jesus determined to rest the truth of his Messianic mission. It reckons up his several secret partisans, and notices the communism instituted by Jesus, the extensive power of the Apostles, their ambition, their hierarchy, their endeavour to retain under their exclusive superintendence the instruction of the people and the distribution of charity, the system of excommunication adopted by the Church, and the recourse the Apostles had to secular power for the purpose of punishing dissenters and heretics; an entire refutation of all the arguments of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Stephen, and the Apostle St. Barnabas; and of the prophecies of all the Apostles to the faithful that Jesus should return on the clouds during their lifetime. The Church Fathers of the first centuries of Christianity enjoyed but a very rough idea of Paradise, imagining it to be a place which abounded in material pleasures. The authorized version of several parts is corrected according to the original Greek of the New Testament; a new interpretation is given to the predictions of the passion, and to the well-known words of Jesus, "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's," which is opposed to another passage, where Jesus maintains that no obligation exists to pay tribute. Lastly, the attention of the reader is called to a discussion of all the grievances of Jesus against the Pharisees, of the Pharisees against Jesus, and of the death of Christ, with reference to which the Jews are entirely exculpated from blame. We have given this little analysis of the book as it is written, without attempting any justification of its contents. It appears to contain all the rationalism of Rénan, without his grace of style or of sentiment. It is not likely to meet with any favour in this country. The only thing that can be said is that it is open and bold; devoid of that insidious infidelity which is more dangerous to the faith of individuals than regular attacks, like this, upon the creed of Christendom.

Robinson Crusoe. Edited after the Original Editions by J. W. Clark, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. (Macmillan and Co.)—The editor tells us that the edition used to print from was that of 1719, but that he has collated the text with earlier editions. This paragraph is somewhat of an enigma, seeing that the edition of 1719 is the first of "The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures," which was published on the 25th of April in that year. That volume was reprinted piecemeal, beginning on the 20th of the following August, in the *Original London Post, or Heathcote's Intelligence*, a paper which was commenced on the 19th of the previous December. The first edition of "The Further Adventures" also appeared in 1719, and the reprint of that volume was not concluded in Heathcote's paper till the 19th October, 1719. It has been erroneously stated in booksellers' catalogues that this reprint by Heathcote is the first edition, but this is clearly an error. The edition of 1719 is the parent-text. The volume is beautifully printed by Clay at the Cambridge University Press, and forms one of the volumes of Messrs. Macmillan's "Golden Treasury Series."

Women of History. By Eminent Writers. (Nimmo).—The "Men of History" have been followed, properly enough, by the "Women." It is not only gallant, but true, to say that the volume is to our mind more interesting than its predecessor. The choice of subjects lay more in

the power of the editor. We are introduced, and perhaps some of our readers may be so also, to some new friends, who are by no means unworthy of a place in the gallery. The notices are necessarily shorter. Of course, women of modern are mentioned in much greater numbers than those of ancient times. Classical writers gave us but little information about their heroines; and all the industry of Gibbon can only furnish three portraits worthy of selection amongst the ladies or the female antagonists of Rome. The idea of both volumes has been a very happy one, and well carried out.

WE have received *Free Thoughts on Many Subjects*, in two vols. (Longmans);—*The Legend of the Mount, or the Days of Chivalry*, by A. Elwes, jun. (Eff. Wilson);—*A Tale of Ludlow Castle*, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat (London: Bell and Daldy; Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co.);—*Early Lost, Early Saved, or Consolation for Bereaved Parents*, by the Rev. G. W. Bethune (Trübner and Co.);—*The Crown of Wild Olive*, by John Ruskin, M.A. (Smith, Elder, and Co.);—*Discourses*, by A. J. Scott (Macmillan);—*Sermons*, by the Rev. Henry Woodward, A.M., fifth edition (Macmillan);—*Our Lord Jesus Christ the Subject of Growth in Wisdom; Four Sermons (being the Hulsean Lectures for 1865)* by the Rev. J. Moorhouse (Macmillan);—*The Diary of Samuel Pepys, Esq., while an Under-graduate at Cambridge*, second edition, Cambridge (Jon. Palmer);—*The Fatherhood of God, &c.*, by T. J. Crawford, D.D. (Blackwood and Sons);—*Scottish Songs and Ballads*, collected and edited by Joseph Ritson, new edition (Tegg);—*The Contributions of Q. Q.*, by Jane Taylor (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder);—*Anecdotes and Stories in French, with Explanatory Notes*, by Mariot de Beauvoisin (Stanford);—*The Death of Ezekiel's Wife, three Sermons*, by the Rev. John Purchar (Bosworth);—*The Bank of England, the Bank Act, and the Currency*, by Cosmopolite (Blackwood and Sons).

PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON THE UNITY OF HUMAN SPECIES.

THERE is probably no branch of Anthropology which excites more general interest and attention than that which concerns the origin of the races of men. One element of interest is undoubtedly to be found in the controversial character which the discussion has now assumed. Another feature of interest is probably to be discovered in our own sense of superiority. We feel that we are of the highest races, and we dislike to admit kindred, however remote, with lower and less favoured forms of humanity. Thus it is that, in whatever mode we may regard the unity or plurality of the human species, a very large amount of interest will always attach to the subject.

In a lecture delivered by Professor Huxley at the Royal Institution, on the 17th May, he entered very fully into this question, and in his able and philosophic manner presented the evidences and arguments which he considered would maintain the theory of the Unity of Human races. Professor Huxley expressed his opinion that the question of the unity or plurality of the origin of man was not settled by the determination of the question whether man was to be regarded as constituting different species or different races—for the various forms of man, even if specifically identical, may have first arisen at various centres. He believed that it was improper to assume the existence of several centres of distribution, without first showing that the facts we now observe could have arisen in no other way. There are two instances which would seem to point to the existence of more than one centre of distribution; but if the facts of these were minutely examined, they would not appear to be so important as they were believed to be. The two instances were, the inhabitants of Easter Island and of Tasmania.

Easter Island is situated in the South Eastern Pacific. It is farther from other land than any known island. It is 2,000 miles from the coast of South America, and 1,400 miles from the nearest island. The population, when the island was first discovered by the Dutch at the end of the last century, was about 2,000 souls. On

this island, huge sculptured idols were found, of the history or antiquity of which the natives knew nothing. They did not use them or worship them; and it was said they were unable to cut or carve stones in such modes. Here, then, was a case of an island, hundreds of miles from other lands, completely isolated, still supporting its distinct population. Whence came this people? Was Easter Island the remnant of some submerged continent? Were the idols the work of some superior people with a higher civilization? Let us look at the facts of the case. The nearest land to Easter Island is the island of Tahiti. The inhabitants of Easter Island understood Tahitian. Admiral Beachey found that the language was but little different from the ordinary Polynesian languages. They made canoes, like the Tahitians, of small bits of wood skilfully joined together—for no large trees grew on Easter Island—and they made bark-cloth for garments. Admiral Beachey found no mammals on the island but rats; the inhabitants, however, possessed domestic fowls. (This is a difficult point for those who advocate the "Special Creation hypothesis," to believe that these domestic fowls were also specially created for the use of the inhabitants.) And as to the stone carvings, La Perouse discovered that the natives could in a way, work the soft sandstone found in the island, and that they had cut slabs for their huts, and in his opinion they had carved the idols.

Now, how did these Polynesians get to Easter Island? It must be recollected that they are identical with all the South Sea islanders, but wholly different from the inhabitants of the continent of America. The trade-winds blow south-east in that latitude,—or in other words, directly opposed to the course that a canoe would take coming from Tahiti,—but Admiral Beachey found that, after all, the trade-winds are not perfectly constant; they change and vary, and occasionally a westerly monsoon blows with great force for some days together; and, in fact, the Admiral was almost blown from his own anchorage, by one of these westerly monsoons.

Thus it is probable that a party of Polynesians were caught by a westerly monsoon and carried out of their course, and ultimately landed upon Easter Island. A similar case was actually observed by Admiral Beachey; for he found in the South Pacific a coral island, full 600 miles from any other land, occupied by Polynesians, who had recently been carried by a wind opposed to the usual course of the trade-winds, and had landed on the coral island, upon which they were then settling.

The other instance to which the lecturer referred was Tasmania. Tasmania is 140 miles from the mainland of Australia, divided by Bass' Straits. The Flora and Fauna of Tasmania are similar to those of Australia, with the peculiarity also of the pouched animals; but the human population is quite different. At present, the population of Tasmania has dwindled down to some five or six persons, but they are wholly different to the Australians: their weapons are different; the throwing spear, so familiar in Australia, is unknown in Tasmania. Now neither the Australians nor the Tasmanians possess canoes or boats capable of undertaking so long a voyage as the 140 miles between Australia and Tasmania. The nearest other land to Tasmania is New Zealand, and that is over 1,000 miles; but the population there is different. The next land you have to look to, is New Caledonia; that is 1,500 miles from Tasmania; but you there have the population you want, for it is of the same stock as that of Tasmania. But you are again met by the difficulty of locomotion. The New Caledonians do not possess any boats or canoes capable of carrying the natives over 1,500 miles of sea to Tasmania. There is then only one hypothesis left—viz., that of a change in the distribution of land and water. Indeed the discoveries of geology seem to prove, that the proverbial instability

of the water would be better applied to the land; for if we could compress into one year the frequent changes and alterations which the land has undergone, the land would have to be represented as in a constant state of wave-movement. In that part of the Pacific between New Caledonia and Tasmania, a great depression had doubtless taken place; and this hypothesis is strengthened by the fact of the similarity of the Floræ and Faunæ of New Caledonia and Tasmania.

Professor Huxley said, "We now come to the question whether any existing race can be represented as the original stock. This will depend upon, whether you regard man as a special creation or as a modification of some previously-existing form. If the former theory be adopted, you have really your choice to take. There is as much to be said in favour of one of the existing forms being an original stock as of another. . . . but if you adopt the theory that man has been produced by means of modification, then you must submit to the ordinary conditions under which any similar zoological problem has to be worked out, and adopt that stock which possesses the greatest totality of characters of the animal below it." The popular view is that the African negro occupies that position, but the lecturer thought that opinion quite erroneous; for their special negro qualities, such as elongated heel and woolliness of hair, are *departures* from an animal type. The fair-skinned and blue-eyed races of Europe cannot be regarded as approximating to the lower forms—as also the Malayan group, for their brachicephalic conformation is a wide departure from an animal type. Lastly, there remains the Australoid races, which, possessing the superciliary ridges and projecting jaws, offer most resemblances to the inferior animals; and, indeed, as far as we can go back in the antiquity of man upon the evidence we now possess, there seemed to have been a wide distribution of the Australoid type.

According to the popular view, as expressed by Pritchard, the differences of races have been produced by external conditions. This opinion seems to have no other basis than that in hot climates fair skins become dark. It does not, however, explain structural differences or the woolliness of the negro's hair; and, as Professor Huxley humorously added, "the sun does not frizzle hair, as the fire does parsley." Indeed, the sun has little to do with it. For instance, between Patagonia and North America a great variety of climates exist, and the differences of the characters observed in the inhabitants are very small; or take any line of latitude, and you will pass through, with an identical thermal zone, a great variety of races. The lecturer believed that in the Darwinian hypothesis would be found the only explanation of the differences of races, such differences being caused by natural selection.

No two individuals are precisely similar. There are differences in form, in arrangement of muscles, &c., and the extent of such differences seems to be a vibration on each side of a common type. Such individual peculiarities and differences will vary according to the external conditions in which man is placed. "Let us imagine an even climate and an identical population. When the climate had altered by means of geological changes, differences of races would arise." That form which would be best suited to the altered conditions of climate, &c., would continue to subsist; the other forms would be altered or destroyed. As an illustration, the lecturer mentioned that from some unexplained cause, the black races on the West Coast of Africa were less frequently attacked by yellow fever than the white races. If we imagine a mixed stock of black and white, those individuals who inclined more to the white race would be destroyed by the fever, while those who approximated more to the black type would survive. There appears to be a tendency to the reproduction of individual peculiarities, and

this in the course of time becomes *persistence*. The time during which special characters have continued, is the test of the persistency of the type.

Mr. Wallace, who has been one of the ablest exponents of the hypothesis of "Natural Selection," thinks that civilization interferes with the action of natural selection, and that moral tendencies and intellectual qualities obstruct its result. He says that where benevolence is brought into action, the weak will be fed, not destroyed, by the strong. Professor Huxley believed that this opinion was not correct, and that in large masses such minor disturbances would have practically no effect on the general action of natural selection, besides which, civilization introduces its own dangers and diseases, against which the strong will always contend more successfully than the weak.

Such was the substance of Professor Huxley's arguments in favour of the unity of the human race, and however able and suggestive his treatment of the subject may have been, we venture to think his conclusions extremely unsatisfactory. We quite agree with the Professor, that the question of unity or plurality of races, and the question of a single or various centres of distribution, are entirely distinct; but Mr. Huxley has not been true to his own principles. He says "that it is improper to assume the existence of several centres of distribution without first showing that the facts we now observe could have arisen in no other way." In other words, he says that where the balance of probability is even, it is right to incline towards that theory which maintains the unity of man's origin. We will not stay to inquire whether this assumption is logically correct; for, so far from believing that there is an equality of probability, it appears to us that the *a priori* probability of the case is greatly in favour of the existence of several centres of distribution. It is improbable that we shall ever obtain positive evidence to decide this question; but it is *possible* that evidence may ultimately be collected to indicate, perhaps only vaguely, the course of man's dispersion and distribution. However, until some such evidence be available, it will be wise to criticise arguments from probabilities very closely.

We cannot agree with Professor Huxley that the theory of the origin of man by means of the modification of some lower form of animal life in any way inclines to, or supports the, theory of a single centre of distribution. Mr. Huxley said he was pleased to be able to show that Mr. Darwin for once was on the side of orthodoxy; but we cannot see that it is so. If we understand Mr. Darwin rightly, and Mr. Huxley's exposition, it is believed that some inferior animal, perhaps some simian form, has during long periods of time been gradually modified until the result is, Man. It is undoubtedly, in the present state of zoological knowledge, the most plausible hypothesis of man's origin. But we cannot comprehend the assumption that such modification of the lower form of animal took place at only one spot on the earth's surface. We believe that naturalists do not profess to determine what particular form of animal, whether simian or otherwise, was that specific form which was thus modified; therefore, for the purpose of our argument, we will call the modifiable animal x , our unknown quantity. Now it is quite clear that the place or places of the first appearance of man must depend upon the area of the distribution of x , at the time or times at which such gradual modification culminated in the production of man. If the habitat of x had been limited to one single locality—if, in fact, x had not followed the ordinary course of zoological distribution—it must be admitted that when physical causes and conditions had so long operated as to be competent to produce the expected result, man would have been evolved at that one single locality. But it is equally clear that if the area of the distribution of x had been extended, if x had followed the ordinary course of zoological distribution, and had more

or less extended its habitat, then wherever x existed the *possibility* of the appearance of man would also exist, and his evolution out of the animal form x , in the process of time, might be anticipated.

We venture to think that the error committed by Professor Huxley is detectable at that point at which he first contemplates dispersion and distribution to have taken place. He admits the wide distribution of man when produced, but denies it to the stock, our unknown x , out of which man has been evolved. It is the whole case of Mr. Huxley that the differences of races are produced by natural selection favouring certain specific forms and destroying others. Distribution and dispersion of his newly-evolved animal form, Man, are important elements in his argument. To account for the differences of races, he differentiates the homogeneous man, whom he disperses in order to obtain the variety of physical conditions which his theory requires. He postpones distribution in space until man appears; we disperse the stock which produces man, our unknown x ; and however far back in time we may place the dispersion of our progenitors, it will but strengthen our position. His theory proceeds wholly from an assumption, which we cannot but consider entirely arbitrary, and one which, we believe, yields an erroneous result. It appears to us more in accordance with the phenomena of zoological distribution, to assume the extended dispersion of the pre-existing form, the unknown x , and to conceive the modification of that form, commencing under a variety of conditions and producing a variety of results. Hence we think that the heterogeneity of the human species is an hypothesis which much more readily follows the premises which Mr. Huxley has himself admitted. We have ventured to bring forward these arguments, because we think that a considerable difficulty exists in the hypothesis of unity of the human species as expounded by Mr. Huxley, and because we think that that difficulty is caused by the needless assumption of an improbable fact.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

- ANNUAL Register: a Review of Public Events at Home and Abroad, for the Year 1865. New Series. 8vo, pp. vii.—340. *Livingtons*. 18s.
- ARMSTRONG (Capt. C. F.). *Queen of the Seas: a Tale of Sea and Land*. (Select Library of Fiction.) 12mo, bds., pp. 373. *Chapman and Hall*. 2s.
- (R. C. E.). *Chimneys for Furnaces, Fire-Places, and Steam Boilers. An Essay for Practical Engineers and Builders*. Post 8vo, sd., pp. 64. *Spon*. 1s.
- ATLAS. Johnston's School Atlas of Classical Geography. New and enlarged Edition. Imp. 8vo. *Blackwoods*. 12s. 6d.
- BATTEN (E. C.) and Ludlow (Henry). *Treatise on the Jurisdiction, Pleadings, and Practice of the County Courts in Equity*. 8vo. *Amer*. 16s.
- BELL (Catherine D.). *Autumn at Karnford*. New Edition. 18mo, pp. 186. *Warne*. 1s. 6d.
- *Georgie and Lizzie; or, Self-Denial*. New Edition. 18mo, pp. 186. *Warne*. 1s. 6d.
- BLACKBURN (Henry). *Travelling in Spain in the Present Day*. With Illustrations and Map. 8vo, pp. xi.—248. *Lowe*. 16s.
- BOSWELL'S Life of Johnson. New Edition. 2 Vols. Post 8vo, *Routledge*. 10s.
- BRADDOX (M. E.). *Henry Dunbar*. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c., &c. Stereotyped Edition. Fcap. 8vo, bds., pp. 351. *Ward and Lock*. 2s.
- John Marchmont's Legacy. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c., &c. Revised Edition. Post 8vo, pp. 471. *Ward and Lock*. 6s.
- BRIDGES (J. H.). *Unity of Comte's Life and Doctrine*. 8vo, sd. *Trübner*. 2s.
- BROWN (James Baldwin, B.A.). *Home Life in the Light of its Divine Idea*. Post 8vo, pp. xi.—313. *Smith and Elder*. 6s.
- (John, M.D., F.R.S.E.). *Loeke and Sydenham, &c., &c.* New Edition. Sm. cr. 8vo, pp. xv.—383. *Edmonston*. 7s. 6d.
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AMERICAN ZOOLOGY.

- The Structure of Animal Life. Six Lectures delivered at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.* By Louis Agassiz. (New York: Scribner & Co.)
- Mind in Nature; or the Origin of Life, and the Mode of Development of Animals.* By Henry James Clark, A.B., B.S., Adjunct Professor of Zoology in Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. (New York and London: D. Appleton & Co.)

WE have here two volumes of American science, unlike in style, yet similar in subject-matter and express form. Both were originally given as lectures, and are intended to be something like our Bridge-water Treatises; the former especially being

published as the fourth volume of the Brooklyn series, known in America as the Graham Lectures. M. Agassiz has the advantage over Mr. Clark in clearness and power of expression, and in acknowledged reputation; but his subject and his audience have hampered him, and instead of a volume that would have formed a fitting companion to others he has issued, and have enlarged his fame upon this side of the Atlantic, we have one that is neither extraordinary, original, nor brilliant. Here and there we catch a momentary glimpse of something like the Agassiz of other volumes; but the lectures lack power, and their subject does not admit of much originality. The English student must express a sense of disappointment, explain it in whatever way he pleases. The author endeavours to defend himself in the opening lecture from the double charge of infidelity and bigotry, admitting that he has not taken for his guidance in the study of science the "dictum of certain creeds," and declaring that "science cannot submit to dictation; it must build up what it seeks upon the premises which it finds." These lectures may, therefore, be said to owe their value to a certain autobiographical tinge, when we set aside for a moment the simple yet full account they give of the structure of animals, and portions of the physical history of the earth. The truest science, he holds, is that which begins by doubting, and ends by reconstruction. We are, therefore, to be content if the results of scientific study lead to similar conclusions to those it began by denying or overturning; "we shall then stand in the position of one who, having been brought up in the religion of his parents, and having been led astray by doubts, has at length, under the influence of a better frame of mind and sober thought, come to reconsider the basis of his doubts, and by laborious investigation has returned to the faith he has forsaken."

Mr. Clark's volume is more ponderous, and more ambitious, because it does not simply group a series of more or less acknowledged facts, but aims to work out certain problems from an original point of view. It contains a large amount of acute and original study and patient investigation. It is very much harder reading, but makes up in curious facts and delicate observations for its deficiency in style. Numerous illustrations, many of them expressly devised to illustrate points specially worked out by the author, make it a really interesting volume. The "adjunct-professor" first treats of the origin of life, and begins by endeavouring to disabuse his hearers' minds of the mechanical notions they may have derived from Paley. A minute description of the wonderful *Amœba* follows, and then we are landed in the midst of the mysteries of spontaneous generation, and the singular experiments of Professor Whyman on the formation of infusoria in boiled solutions of organic matter. These experiments are certainly very interesting, and were conducted with great care. We have only room for one of the shorter ones:—

Exp. xxxiv. March 27, 1862. Juice of mutton, in a hermetically-sealed flask, was boiled five minutes in a Papin's digester, under a pressure of two atmospheres (250° 52° F., or nearly 38° above the boiling point). A film formed on the fourth day. It was opened several days later, in the presence of Professor Gray, and found to contain *Vibrios* and *Bacteriums*, some of them moving with great rapidity.

These forms of life could not have been produced either from ova or spores, because both are destroyed by prolonged boiling, and it is argued that although these experiments throw no light on the immediate source from which the organisms have been derived, they clearly establish the fact of spontaneous generation. Be that as it may, Mr. Clark's account of *Vibrios* and *Bacteriums* is highly interesting. The discovery he made concerning the former, and communicated to the American Academy in 1859, deserves quotation, as a specimen of his book, and his method of investigation:—

A discovery which I made on the 20th of March may not be uninteresting, as it has more or less relations in its nature to the theory so earnestly advocated by Pouchet. There are certain well-known bodies described as animals by Ehrenberg, under the name of *Vibrio*. Their peculiarity consists in that they are composed of a single row of globular bodies, resembling a string of beads, more or less curved, and move in a spiral path with great velocity, even faster than the eye can follow in many cases. They have always been spoken of as developing around decaying animal and vegetable matter. I was very much surprised to discover the manner in which they originate from such substances. I was studying the decomposing muscle of a *Sagitta* when I noticed large numbers of *Vibrio* darting hither and thither, but most frequently swarming about the muscular fibres. I was struck with the similarity of these bead-like strings to the fibrillæ of the muscle, and upon close comparison I found that the former were exactly of the same size, and had the same optical properties of the latter. Some of these appeared to be attached to the ends of the flat, ribbon-like fibres, and others at times loosened themselves and swam away. I was immediately impressed with the daring thought that these *Vibrios* were the fibrillæ set loose from the fibres; but as this was a thing unheard of, and so startling, I for the time persuaded myself that they must have been accidentally attached, and subsequently loosened. However, I continued my observations until I found some fibres in which the fibrillæ were in all stages of decomposition. At one end of the fibre the ultimate cellules of the fibrillæ were so closely united, that only the longitudinal and transverse striæ were visible; further along, the cellules were singly visible, and still further they had assumed a globular shape; next, the transverse rows were loosened from each other, excepting at one end; and, finally, those at the extreme of the fibre were agitated, and waved to and fro as if to get loose, which they did from time to time, and, assuming a curved form, each revolved upon its axis, and swam away with amazing velocity. The number of ultimate cellules in a moving string varied from two to fifty; the greatest number of strings were composed of only three or four, often six to eight, and rarely as high as fifty. Very rarely the fibres split longitudinally, and in such instances the fibrillæ were most frequently long, and moved about with undulations rather than a wriggling motion. A single ultimate cellule, when set loose, danced about in a zigzag manner; but whenever two were combined, the motion had a definite direction, which corresponded to the longer diameter of the duplicate combination; and if only three were combined, the spiral motion was the result of their united action. What it is that causes these cellules to move I do not profess to know, but certainly it is not because they possess life as independent beings. This much is settled, however: that we may have presented to us all the phenomena of life, as exhibited by the activity of the lowest forms of animals and plants, by the ultimate cellules of the decomposed and fetid striated muscle of a *Sagitta*. I do not pretend to say that everything that comes under the name of *Vibrio* or *Spirillum* is a decomposed muscle or other tissue, although I believe such will turn out to be the fact; but this much I will vouch for, that what would be declared by competent authority to be a being living, and accounted a certain species of *Vibrio*, is nothing but absolutely dead muscle.

A somewhat similar discovery was made with another animal, the *Aurelia flandula*, or common jelly-fish, in a decaying condition, but Mr. Clark adds in a note, that when *Vibrios* occur in infusions containing simply fluids or juices of various bodies, they cannot possibly be traced to either muscular or tendinous fibre. The whole subject is of vast interest, and the discovery cannot stop here, but must lead to newer and still more original views of the origin of all pseudo-animate bodies.

Mr. Clark's researches upon the egg-phase of animals are also very important. He complains, and justly, that all our notions of an egg are based upon the structure of the eggs of higher animals, instead of upon what is common to all eggs. He demonstrates what he calls the polarity and bilaterality of the egg, taking the germinal vesicle, which is always present in some form in all eggs, as "an expression of the concentration of albuminous matter at one pole;

whilst at the opposite, or, as one might call it, the negative pole, we have the mass of yolk." The bilaterality, he maintains, which is so abundantly seen in animals, exists in the egg, which is merely "the first stage of growth of an animal, and is not separated from the succeeding phases, any more than these latter are from each other," Lereboullet having discovered that an egg will divide into two distinct individuals at the outset, two such individuals being sometimes found united in a way which shows that the right and the left side of an animal is not necessarily a different part of the body, or in opposition. He thus holds that there is a perfect parallelism between the development of an animal from the earliest or egg-stage to an adult, and the successive degrees of grade from the lowest to the highest animals, within a group. His carefully-executed sketch of the construction of a common hen's egg, which all can verify for themselves by boiling one hard, and opening it as he directs, will help many to the clearer comprehension of what is the gist of his valuable book.

It is the whole aim of Mr. Clark's researches to elucidate the importance and range of secondary causes, and he has done his work manfully and boldly, and yet without any of the hostility that might have been expected from him. The theory of spontaneous generation, as a fact, he argues, has nothing to do with the *how* it is brought about; but the question is simply "does it occur? do individuals ever originate totally independent of other individuals?" He thinks they do, and that such a fact is demonstrable. If the egg theory be maintained, there must also be admitted a want of uniformity in the mode of animal creation, since at one time eggs originate without a parental matrix, and at another time within a parent. If, again, animals were created in an adult stage, it must be admitted that spontaneous generation has since happened, and therefore he asks what is there so revolting in the idea that the original plan of creation still continues as one of several modes of giving rise to individuals? The origin of animals by budding was considered revolting until fully verified, and although it might seem more plausible that the adult phase should have been the primordial state of the first animals, to make this theory consistent with itself the egg should have always originated in a parent. "The only other alternative is that the egg-phase is not a distinct one from that of budding." This alternative increases the probabilities of spontaneous generation, since the egg ceases to be a distinct, individualistic feature, and becomes merely "a passing characteristic in the life of an animal." Its caste and potentiality are thereby destroyed; "it passes out of a high controlling state, which conditionates and precedes all subsequent phases, to a subordinate state, which it then must hold in common with, and simply as one of the first of several sequences, which are all of equal value, at least inasmuch as one of them cannot be omitted without destroying the certainty of the successive phases characteristic of the life of a living being." Origin by budding, or by eggs, being equally untenable, the most reasonable mode is that of spontaneous generation, which "essentially amounts to a repetition of the great original, primary act of the direct creation of animals in an adult state." By the latter, Mr. Clark explains himself to mean any free condition above the fixed, confined state of the egg-phase.

Thus the matter stands in my mind. If I may not appear to be right in the eyes of some, pray tell me who has been inspired with the revelation of the truth, for to him alone would I listen with deference; otherwise the question is open alike to the reason of every mind, without any preponderance in favour of the authoritative dictum of any one more than another. Therefore I say that it stands to reason that secondary causes are the visible modes of the action of the Creator's will, and that His great primary fiat has not ceased to exert its influence even at the present day.

In this rapid sketch of Mr. Clark's volume we have not done justice to its contents as a whole. It is a book that will well repay a thoughtful perusal, and is a very valuable addition to American zoological science. We shall not be surprised if the book makes a stir amongst both scientific and unscientific readers, and its clear print, toned paper, and profuse illustrations give it an additional value.

Our Reptiles: A Plain and Easy Account of the Lizards, Snakes, Newts, Toads, Frogs, and Tortoises, indigenous to Great Britain. By M. C. Cooke, Author of "A Plain and Easy Account of British Fungi," &c. With Woodcuts and Coloured Plates. (Hardwicke.)—Mr. Cooke's little books make no pretension to extreme scientific accuracy. He satisfies himself with making those who know little or nothing of the subject take an interest in it, and conveys what he has to say in plain language, divested of all scientific terms which are not readily understood by the reader, but at the same time he is never obscure. We appear to have edible frogs in Norfolk and Cambridge, into which counties Mr. Berney introduced some from Paris in 1837, others from Brussels in 1841, and another lot from St. Omer, in 1842. Now, if we would only put aside any insular prejudice still remaining, we have here a very productive article of food, as nutritious as poultry or rabbit, having very much the flavour of both. In fact, Mr. Cooke tried a "Fricassée de Grenouilles," as imported in tin canisters, and pronounces the flavour "very agreeable."

A Plain Account of the Land and Fresh-Water Mollusks of Great Britain. By Ralph Tate, F.G.S., F.A.S.L. (Hardwicke.)—This interesting volume is illustrated with woodcuts and coloured engravings, and gives a familiar account of all the species described. We recommend its perusal to those who find pleasure in watching the habits of mollusks in a water-vivary or cultivate a garden. In the latter case, it is full of information which may be turned to account in extirpating some of the most determined enemies the horticulturist has to contend with. The plates are very carefully coloured, and the descriptions, just a little too scientific for lay readers, always accurate and reliable. The "Helix Pomatia," the edible apple-snail, held in such great repute as a luxury of the table by the Epicures of ancient Greece and Rome, and still cultivated in France, Germany, and Switzerland as an article of food, is found plentifully about Sevenoaks, Croydon, Reigate, and Dorking, on the Cotswold, and in Hertfordshire, Oxfordshire, and Wilts. The snail-gardens of Germany, the *escargotaires* of France, are very productive and lucrative. The snail-garden of Ulm alone sends upwards of four millions of snails to market. They are only used for food, after being fattened and reared in these receptacles, when in a state of hybernation. In Germany these snails are boiled in milk, and afford a light and strengthening food for invalids, which has been found particularly efficacious in cases of consumption. Our insularity has fostered a dislike to frogs and snails as diet; but it does seem strange that, when periwinkles are consumed with a relish, so desirable an article of food as the "Helix Pomatia" should be allowed to remain uncultivated, though indigenous to several of our counties. These two volumes form part of Mr. Hardwicke's series of popular manuals of Natural History, all of which should have a place on the shelves of the school-room library.

Pinaceæ: being a Handbook of the Firs and Pines. By Senilis. (Hatchard & Co.)—A clever little book by an enthusiast, a farmer's only son, who was educated for the pulpit, but preferred the spade, and chose arboriculture for a profession. Writing under the name of "Joannes Senilis," he calls himself a working and, to a certain extent, a self-educated man, having no claims to the title of a proficient, either in literature or botanical science. Of all our timber-trees the family of the Cone-bearers is the most important, not only on account of the uses to which the wood is applied, but also for ornamental plantations. A practical book by a practical man on the subject is, therefore, always welcome, particularly when, as in the present case, it is presented in an inexpensive form, so as to be accessible to the workman as well as his employer. The author's hints on the necessary preparation of land intended for the cultivation of trees of the genus *Pinus* deserve to be care-

fully studied. Fungoid growth, occasioned by matter in a transitive stage, or in an imperfectly decayed state, whether animal or vegetable, whether manural or stimulant, is the most destructive enemy of firs and pines, and may be avoided entirely by care and attention in thoroughly clearing the ground to be planted of the old roots of trees and shrubs, the most productive source of such noxious fungoids. Our author strongly recommends, if possible, whenever it is intended to plant the pine tribe on land that has just been cleared of a crop of some other timber, to let the land rest for a few years, to admit of the natural decay of any remaining roots, when the vigorous and rapid growth of the new plantation will soon make up for the apparent loss of time. The poet's advice,

Da requiem, requietus ager bene credita reddit,

would thus seem particularly to apply to the preparation of land intended for the growth of firs and pines; and now that the *auricaria* and *deodara* are being so extensively introduced, a book with such practical hints is doubly valuable, as it enables the grower to judge for himself where the fault lies, should failure follow their introduction.

British Beetles: An Introduction to the Study of our Indigenous Coleoptera. By E. C. Rye. (Lovell Reeve & Co.)—Mr. Rye writes for beginners in entomology—the italics are his own—and, as compared with dictionaries and grammars necessary for the pursuit of other branches of knowledge, he wishes his book to be looked upon as "a *Delectus*, combining extracts from biographies of individual objects with principles of classification and hints for obtaining further knowledge." At the end of the volume we have a "Catalogue of the British Coleoptera," and an alphabetical index of scientific and English names. There are sixteen plates, each containing six examples, very carefully coloured. The book professes to be written with a view of popularizing the subject, though the author admits that "it is difficult, if not impossible, to introduce the 'popular element' (so attractive a bait for study) into a book on beetles." Yet beetle-hunting is a pleasant pursuit; like every other pursuit connected with natural history, there is much outdoor work to be done, as it necessitates frequent explorations into glade and woodland, meadow and field, hedgerow, ditch, and pond; and the fresh air and exercise are sure to exhilarate and make the student somewhat enthusiastic, particularly when his search has been rewarded by a successful find of a specimen of one of the rarer species. Mr. Rye has taken great pains to instruct the learners how to proceed, and devotes a whole chapter to the "instruments, &c., required for collecting, mounting, and preserving Coleoptera." The cost of these implements is but small, and within the compass of most schoolboys' pocket-money. Indeed, beetle-hunting is just the pursuit a boy, with a love of natural history, will be sure to take delight in, and we know of no book so sure to please and instruct him in all its mysteries as Mr. Rye's volume.

Malaria, the Common Cause of Cholera, Intermittent Fever, and its Allies. By A. T. MacGowan, &c., &c. Reprinted from the *Medical Mirror* (Churchills.)—Mr. MacGowan served in Bengal from '57 to '62, where he had the opportunity of studying malarious disease, and was much struck with the similarity between the collapsed state in cholera and the collapsed or early stage of intermittent fever. His idea concerning cholera, sunstroke, intermittent, remittent, and typhoid fevers, as seen in India, is simply this: *malaria* causes all. He well observes that as some of the stations in Bengal and the Punjab are healthy, the total average of sickness, which is thereby reduced, deceives us as to the unhealthiness of the pestilential places. He sums up the various symptoms which confirm his opinion concerning the identity of cholera and malarious fever. Mr. MacGowan appears to us rather to reflect upon his own treatment of cholera when in active service, and to hold up his practice as imperfect, and not for example. We admire his candour when he says: "I gave an emetic in the usual manner, but with the unusual effect of cutting off the life with the paroxysm." He evidently is not one who likes to terminate diseases fatally *secundum artem*. His pamphlet is decidedly suggestive; and whilst he admits that he was at the time he writes of unacquainted with a most efficacious remedy, the *hypodermic* use of quinine; on the other hand, his hypothesis may be not without benefit to practitioners in this country, should cholera again invade it.

26 MAY, 1866.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A SERIES of lectures on "Views of Life through the Medium of Natural Science," was commenced on the 17th ult. in the Academy of Music at Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Association, who appropriated 3,500 dollars for the experiments. It is very interesting to notice how the American rage for big-ness extends even to popular scientific lectures. The experiments were on a perfectly gigantic scale, and each lecture lasted two hours and a-half. "The stage was covered with tables loaded with elegant apparatus, all of the largest dimensions, and the scene-painter had been employed to produce geological illustrations on a large scale." The weight of gases was shown by pouring carbonic acid gas into a barrel balanced at the end of a beam about eight feet long. The gas thus poured in was about an ounce and a-half heavier than the air, and was sufficient to turn the scale. This property was also shown by causing a light overshot wheel, four feet in diameter, made of paper and laths, to revolve by the action of carbonic acid. The gas was conducted down an inclined shoot, in the bottom of which several candles were burning. At a given signal the assistant pulled a string which opened the valve, the gas flowed down the trough, extinguishing each candle in succession, and the wheel commenced to revolve. To exhibit the burning of potassium in water, a tank was provided, extending entirely across the theatre. In the middle of the tank were several hundred pounds of ice in massive blocks, and half a pound or more of potassium was thrown into the water. Several gallons of liquid carbonic acid were condensed, and a bar of mercury a yard long and two inches wide was frozen by it. "To exhibit the combustion of steel in the blow-pipe flame, a whole saw and half of a long sword were burned, the sparks pouring forth in a shower fifteen feet in length." The second lecture was on "Light," which was illustrated by the usual experiments, two powerful lime lights and the electric light being exhibited simultaneously. The method of showing the colours produced by burning different metals in the voltaic arc was ingenious. One pole of the battery is connected to an ordinary carbon point and the other to a wheel, each spoke of which is armed with a different metal. The wheel being turned round brings each metal in succession opposite the carbon point. To produce a monochromatic light it was only necessary to cover the bottom of the tank used in the previous lecture with salt to the depth of an inch, and then sprinkle it with some gallons of alcohol from a watering-pot. When the alcohol was lighted, "the yellow ray of the salted flame fell upon the face of the lecturer, and his countenance ceased to send forth the colours of life, and "the great academy seemed to be filled with the faces of the dead," and so on.

A MEETING of the American Institute was held on the 19th ult., to take into consideration the legalization of the French system of weights and measures in the United States. The Chairman, Professor Tillman, remarked that one of the greatest difficulties was the choice of suitable names for the new system. He pointed out the confusion which would probably arise between decimeter and decameter, the latter being a hundred times greater than the former. He proposed that the unit "metre" be abbreviated to "met," and that prefixes be used to express multiplication, and suffixes to express division. Thus we should have decamet, hectomet, kilomet, and myramet, whilst the division of the metre would be expressed by metet, metun, and metmill. The measures of weight would be myragram, kilogram, hectogram, decagram, gram, gramet, gramun, and gramill. The Latin suffixes being rather unmanageable, *et* and *un* have been substituted for *deci* and *centi*. The question of names is no doubt a very important one, but the above system is, we think, too barbarous even for the "American" language, and we sincerely hope that the day is far distant when the British inch shall become a "metet," or a "metun," and when we shall take our medicine by "litets," "lituns," or "litmills."

A NEW star has made its appearance in the constellation Corona Borealis. It appears to have been first noticed by M. Courbebaissé of Rochefort, Ingénieur en Chef des Ponts et Chaussées. It was observed by him on the 13th instant at ten o'clock P.M., when it appeared to possess the brilliancy of a star of the third magnitude. He states that he remembers observing this part of the heavens on the 11th inst., at eleven o'clock, without having seen

the star. It must, then, have made its appearance between that date and the 13th. He describes it as being situated at the point of intersection of a perpendicular let fall from ϵ , with the line through α and γ produced. The distance from δ is about equal to $\alpha\gamma$. A letter to the *Avenir National* of the 17th, from the Imperial Observatory at Paris, confirms the discovery, and also states that on the 8th and 10th M. Stéphan, one of the assistants, noticed the disappearance of a small star in Virgo, which was noted in the catalogue, and was seen in 1862. The star has also been observed by Mr. Hind, who gives its mean position for 1866 as follows: R.A. 15 h. 53 min. 53 sec. N. P.D. $63^{\circ} 41' 8''$. This remarkable star is nearly in the line joining η in Bootes and π in Serpens, and about one-third of the distance between them from the former. "It is now of the sixth magnitude, perfectly colourless, at least to my eye, and quite stellar in appearance with magnifiers up to 700. In its entire freedom from colour (on which point my colleague Mr. Wiss agrees with me), this star presents a noteworthy contrast to the one detected at Mr. Bishop's Observatory in the constellation Ophiuchus in April, 1848, which exhibited red or orange flashes even at its maximum. I may mention that this object has not disappeared, as stated in several of our popular treatises on astronomy, but may still be observed as a star of the eleventh magnitude." The error which Mr. Hind mentions is shared by the Imperial Observatory, and it is stated in the letter which we have referred to that the star in Ophiuchus is no longer visible.

THE Caselli telegraph was introduced into Russia on the 17th ult., when the system came into operation on the line between Moscow and St. Petersburg.

M. GOUNOD has just been elected a member of the French Academy of Fine Arts, in place of the late M. Clapisson. The other candidates were M. Félicien, David and Victor Massé, the former of whom obtained 16 votes and the latter only one, whilst M. Gounod obtained 19. The Musical Section of the Academy now consists of MM. Auber, Carafa, Ambroise Thomas, Reber, Gounod, and Berlioz. M. Gounod was born in 1818, and was a pupil of Lesueur and Halévy. He remained in Italy until 1843, and he only commenced writing for the stage in 1850.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FIGURE OF THE EARTH.

To the Editor of THE READER.

SIR,—Had "E. V. N." taken the trouble to read my earlier letters, he would have known that I do not assume that the earth is an ellipsoid rotating on its longer axis, and that my hypothesis (not as to the structure, but as to the astronomical and statical relations of that body) in providing for the absolute stability of its axis of rotation meets his last difficulty by anticipation.

He again calls upon me to vindicate my position, and seems to think that to do this I must break a lance with Sir John Herschel. In point of fact, Professor Airy, from having made the figure of the earth the subject of an elaborate mathematical investigation, has the greater right to be appealed to as the champion of accepted views here; but it is not necessary that I should invite either of these distinguished *savants* to defend their opinions. It will be sufficient for my purpose to give a brief statement of the line of reasoning on which I rest this branch of my theory.

In attempting to determine the approximate figure of the earth by measurement, a celestial meridian is treated as a segment of the circle of comparison. It is divided into equal degrees; and then, by means of the plumb-line, the points where the linear divisions of these equal degrees intersect the surface of the earth on a terrestrial meridian are ascertained. The distance between any two points on such a meridian, reduced to the same level, is a terrestrial arc; and on measuring and comparing any two or more of these arcs, the scale of degrees which they show, if it differ from the equal scale of the celestial arc, and yield definite and progressive results in deviation, furnishes the elements from which the mean surface figure of the earth is learnt.

The standard here is the equally divided celestial circle of comparison; the indicator, the right line of the plumb. The relations of each of these to the other are such that the plumb-line is, for the purposes of the investi-

gation, treated as though it were suspended from the remote vault of the heavens. If so, since the plumb obeys the law of terrestrial gravity, it appears to me that it must be directed invariably from each point of the celestial circle (or vault) to a single given point within the earth—its centre of gravity; and, therefore, that the lines of direction of the plumb should radiate from the earth's centre of gravity through its surface to the celestial circle of comparison.

Admitting this—and it has always surprised me to find that any one who accepts the Newtonian theory of universal gravitation should doubt it—the method of affecting the comparison becomes a geometrical problem of the simplest order; its solution involved in the statement of the relations of the radii of a series of concentric circles to the circumference they describe, in which *as the distance from the common centre increases, so does the length of the several arcs (or degrees) enclosed between any two right lines radiating from it.*

But so read, the fact that, when considered on a large scale, the degrees of the measured terrestrial arcs of the meridian become longer in passing from the equator to the poles, is an evidence that the distance between the surface of the earth and its centre of gravity is increasing; and, therefore, furnishes demonstrative proof that the polar axis of the earth is in reality its long diameter.

To me it seems that the received explanation involves an actual begging of the question to which it seeks an answer. The problem it would solve is the figure of the earth; and this through the varying ratio in its meridional curvature. The determination of the ratio of curvature it rests rightly enough upon the relative direction of the plumb-line; but then it claims (and here is what I conceive to be the plan which "E. V. N." has failed to detect) that the relative direction of the plumb-line is itself variable, and dependent on the ratio of the earth's curvature in the given zone—the very element which is the object of the whole inquiry. I must confess I find it difficult to believe that through the mutual reaction of two conjectural relations, one of which is the quantity sought, that quantity can be really determined.

The rising generation of scientific men is a tolerant one. It recognizes its own shortcomings, and is well aware that every theory, viewed as a hypothesis, is one out of many. Hence it seeks in discussion, through a comparison of the results obtained by independent inquirers, a trustworthy guide to the certain doctrine it hopes ultimately to unfold. Even in astronomy progress is looked for. Indeed—and I appeal to it as an interesting fact in its bearings on the present controversy—a paper was read at the Royal Society, as recently as 15th March last (THE READER, No. 169), "On a Possible Geological Cause of Changes in the Position of the Axis of the Earth's Crust," to which I should like to refer "E. V. N.," since its author admits that he is at issue with the astronomers of the day on an important relation of the subject we are discussing; but there is this remarkable difference between his views and mine, that he provides no substitute for the essential elements of which he would deprive them.

Taking this as a sign of the times, I am sure I am right in saying that no true pioneer of science, when he found a new interpretation temperately advanced and logically sustained, and, moreover, perceived that it accounted for all of the phenomena it was intended to explain, would term it unscientific merely because it differed from accepted views or was at variance with his own opinions.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY PRATT.

Hampton Park, Hereford, May 17, 1866.

THE MEMORIAL TO LORD ROMILLY.

To the Editor of THE READER.

SIR,—Considering myself shut out from an opportunity of joining in a manifestation of the public sense of the services of the Master of the Rolls, as Keeper of the National Records, I shall be glad if you would kindly assist in relieving me from a dilemma, by giving publicity to the letter which I now send to you. The circumstances are such that I am sure a large part of the literary public will feel themselves in the same difficulty—some more than others. For myself, I have not only personally experienced the advantages now presented in the Record-office, but I have historical associations which make me pardonably jealous in the matter. If I did not contribute to the "Romilly Memorial Fund," proposed in Mr. Thoms' letter,

I should appear to falsify what I feel in favour of a suitable memorial to the Master of the Rolls. If I did contribute I should be doing what I disapprove of, for the reason given in my answer to Mr. Thoms.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
F. KYFFIN LENTHALL.
Athenæum Club, May 23.

PROCEEDINGS OF FOREIGN ACADEMIES.
PARIS.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY. — May 14. — M. Le Verrier read an interesting communication on the "Warnings given on the Sea-coast about the approach of Tempests." His conclusions were, that a daily account should be sent to the ports of the condition of the atmosphere over a large surface of country—that the signals should be confined to announcing the great tempests, their duration, and their end—that to carry out this the system of warnings should be made twice a-day, besides the notices given twenty-four hours in advance, when the general state of the atmosphere permits—that a complete study of the state of the atmosphere should be made every morning and evening. "On a New Mineral of Borneo, the *Laurite*," by M. F. Wohler, "Letter on the Luminous Intensities of the Centre and Circumference of the Sun," by Father Secchi. "Propositions on the Characters of Species and Race," by A. Sanson. "On the Abnormal Structure of the Stem of the Lianes," by Lad. Netto.

REPORTS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

CHEMICAL.—May 17.—Dr. W. A. Miller in the chair.

Messrs. J. T. Brown and J. Robinson were admitted Fellows.

Mr. E. T. Chapman read a paper "On the Production of Acetic and Propionic Acids from Amylic Alcohol." The author acted upon the nitrite of amyl with anhydrous phosphoric acid, and obtained a brown solid mass, C_5H_7N , which on digestion with potash furnished ammonia and a mixture of acetate and propionate of potassium.

A paper "On the Oxidation of Ethylamine," by Messrs. J. A. Wanklyn and E. T. Chapman, was then read. By acting upon a salt of ethylamine with bichromate of potassium and sulphuric acid, the organic base is oxidised with formation of aldehyde, acetic acid, water, and nitrogen.

Mr. E. T. Chapman then gave a preliminary notice respecting "The Action of Acids on Naphthylamine," the result being that with the single exception of hydrochloric acid, azodinaphthylamine is formed, together with a secondary product which has not yet been identified.

Sir Robert Kane then gave an account of "Some Derivatives of Acetone," which embodied the results recently obtained in the re-examination of products described by the author in 1838. The theoretical views regarding the constitution of acetone were commented upon by Dr. Frankland.

"Some Observations on Vapour Densities," embodying a criticism of Dalton's and Gay Lussac's formulae, were offered by the Rev. Mr. Gibsone.

An interesting paper "On the Nitroprussides, their Composition and Manufacture," by Mr. E. A. Hadow, fixes the conditions necessary for the transformation of ferriocyanides into nitroprussides, and modifies Playfair's formula to the extent of substituting NO_3 for NO_2 in the salts of the latter class.

ANTIQUARIES. — May 10. — Mr. Octavius Morgan, M.P., in the chair.

The 200 volumes relating to Pageantry, bequeathed to the Society by the late Mr. F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A., were exhibited to the Fellows. Exhibitions were also made by Mr. C. J. Eyston, the Rev. J. Beck, and the Hon. Miss Portman.

Mr. John Bruce read the report of the committee appointed to collate the fifth volume of the Paston Letters with the originals recently discovered.

May 17.—Mr. Ouvry in the chair.

Mr. K. R. H. Mackenzie exhibited and presented to the Society a deed of the 23rd Edward IV.

Captain Tupper exhibited two pewter flagons, of Dutch work, dated 1645.

Mr. Willis presented to the Society specimens of photographic copies of documents executed

by the new process described by him at a former meeting. (READER, Feb. 17.)

Mr. T. M. Hall exhibited rubbings of brasses in the church at Pilton, Devon, dated 1536 and 1540, and communicated remarks thereon.

Mr. J. Y. Akerman contributed two papers, one on the cannon at Kidlington, Oxon, which bears the date 1615, and gives evidence of having been spiked and abandoned to an enemy; the other, on some glass vases and an earthen urn discovered in the ancient cemetery at Dorchester. The latter paper was accompanied by drawings of the objects made by Mr. Cluttbuck.

Mr. Franks, the Director, exhibited and described the following objects of antiquity: A weight box of the time of Edward IV., containing avoirdupoise weights, but believed to be genuine; an ivory pix, of the fourth century; an enamelled bronze horse-bit, found at Rise, near Hull, which led the Director to the inference that England was a country of "barbarians living in the ocean," mentioned by Philostratus as possessing the knowledge of a method of enamelling; a Roman sword-handle of ivory; a piece of ivory, engraved with figures of a panther and an ostrich, and forming a fragment of a box; a Roman cultrum, with iron blade and bronze handle, found in Italy.

A paper by Dr. Barnard Davis was read, in which he expressed his dissent from some of the views of Dr. Thurnam with respect to what the latter designates as the "long barrow type of flint arrow heads" (READER, December 2, 1865), and referred to remains discovered in a circular barrow at Callis Wold, four miles from Pocklington, Yorkshire, as inconsistent with Dr. Thurnam's theory.

Mr. E. Waterton exhibited a rubbing of the inscription on a sword presented by Sixtus V. to the Duke of Guise in 1588, and communicated some remarks on the custom of presenting similar swords by the Popes, promising to prepare for the next session a complete paper on the subject.

LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHÆOLOGICAL. — May 14.—Mr. Alfred White in the chair.

The Rev. Thos. Hugo read a paper on a list of the inmates of suppressed Religious Houses in London and Middlesex who survived and were entitled to pensions in the third year of Philip and Mary (A.D. 1556). Of this list, certified by Cardinal Pole, there are two copies, one in the Record-office among the proceedings of the Court of Augmentations, the other in the British Museum, Additional MS. 8,102. Browne Willis appears to have had access to one of these, but his transcripts from it are full of errors, and he dates it 1553, evidently mistaking the third year of Philip and Mary for the third year of Mary alone. Mr. Hugo prefaced his remarks with a powerful denunciation of the conduct of Henry VIII. and his subordinates in the whole matter of the suppression of the Religious Houses.

Mr. Black resumed his remarks on the three sitting figures in the Guildhall Library, which he maintains to have a political and not a mythological significance. (READER, March 31.) Since he opened the subject he had been fortunate enough to obtain a copy of the scarce first edition of the "Notitia Dignitatum Imperii," dated 1552, the drawings in which were of remarkable excellence, and went far in support of his views. With respect to the monument figured by Gruter, and bearing an inscription to the *Dee Matres*, he was of opinion that the deification was merely complimentary, and that it represented three matronly members of the reigning Imperial family. The figure of a goddess, in the museum at Brussels, bearing fruit, he believed to personify a Roman province. The five figures in the museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne were the five provinces of Britain, and the reason they were without any baskets of fruit, or similar objects, was that at that time those provinces were free from paying tribute.

CAMBRIDGE PHILOSOPHICAL.—May 21.—The following communications were made to the Society:—

"Notes on the Cetacea which have lately been taken on the Welsh Coast, and on some other Additions to the Museum of Comparative Anatomy," by Mr. J. W. Clark (Trinity). After a short sketch of the present state of knowledge of the cetacea, and a few words on the difficulty of obtaining specimens in a perfect condition, Mr. Clark described some examples of *Delphinus Tursio* which had recently been obtained for the Anatomical Museum at Cambridge. These were from a shoal of sixteen which came ashore near

Holyhead, of which two tolerably perfect specimens had been purchased, parts of which were exhibited. In their stomachs were found whelks, crabs, and a considerable number of pebbles; and in one a conger eel. He drew attention to the fact that the teeth were not universally blunted, as it had been stated.

"On certain alleged Misrepresentations and Discrepancies in Plato's 'Theætetus.'" (Grote's "Plato," Vol. II. c. xxvi.), by Mr. Cope (Trinity). After a warm eulogy on Mr. Grote's industry and independence of thought in investigating the opinions of Plato in his writings, Mr. Cope passed on to a brief review of the "Theætetus." Here he defended Plato from the charge of having either misrepresented or misunderstood the doctrine of Protagoras, "that man is the measure of all things; of things existing, as they are, and of things non-existing, as they are not." By quotations from ancient authors, and other reasons, he endeavoured to show the improbability of this supposition. The Master of Trinity made a few remarks, in which he stated that he thought that the ideas of Protagoras took a somewhat wider range than the senses alone; and that Plato was not primarily attacking Protagoras in the "Theætetus," but some contemporary sophist.

ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND.—A meeting of the members was held in their library, Royal Institution, on Monday, May 14.—Lord Neaves, Vice-President, in the chair.

The following were admitted Fellows—viz.: Mr. Robert Young, writer, Elgin; and Mr. James Auld, LL.D., Madras College, St. Andrews.

"Notes of the Excavation of Two Shell Mounds on the Eastern Coast of Aberdeenshire," by Mr. C. E. Dalrymple, F.S.A. Scot. These mounds occur on the sand-blown coast of Forvie, where they are found in great numbers. On making sections through them, strata of burnt shells, charcoal, and many stones scorched and cracked by the action of fire are found. Hearths also appeared, formed of stones much acted on by fire and on and near them bones of large animals and fragments of charcoal. In one of the mounds a fragment of iron was found in the lowest layer, and a stone weapon among the upper deposits. From a report by Dr. Turner, it appears that the bones are those of the ox and the deer. A long bone is polished, and partially pointed at one end as if for use.

"Notice of the Church of St. Congan at Turriff, in Aberdeenshire, and of a Fresco of St. Ninian, discovered on one of its walls," by Mr. John Stuart, Secretary. Mr. Stuart began by tracing the ecclesiastical history of Turriff from the period when it was the site of one of the Celtic monasteries, through which the knowledge of Christianity was introduced among the rude tribes of Pictland, to the time when its possessions were finally secularized in the sixteenth century. The old church continued to be used for religious worship till 1794. It was a structure without any architectural features sufficient to fix its date, and measured 120 feet in length by 18 feet in breadth. It appeared, however, from other sources that the choir, which is the only part of the building now remaining, had been built probably during the first quarter of the sixteenth century, certainly before 1541. In the course of a partial demolition of this part, in the year 1861, a fresco on the splay of a window was discovered painted on the plaster, and yet bright in colour. It represented an episcopal figure fully habited, his pastoral staff in his left hand, his right hand being elevated in the act of benediction, with an inscription above, "S. NINIANUS." Another similar figure was on the opposite splay, but was destroyed, and there is reason to believe that there was a series of like pictures all round the church. Mr. Stuart quoted a passage from the "History of the Abbots of Kinloss," by Ferrerius, in which, after narrating the many good deeds of Abbot Robert Reid, he describes certain paintings (apparently in oil) executed for the Abbot at Kinloss about the year 1540, and adds that the artist also painted the chamber and oratory of the Abbot, "sed pictura levior quae nunc est per Scotiam receptissima." Mr. Stuart believed that these expressions were descriptive of fresco painting; and having been written about the period when that style was used in decorating the church of Turriff, he concluded that such paintings were then in common use for such purposes. So little do we know, however (from remaining specimens), of Scotch ecclesiastical frescoes, that the fragment of St. Ninian had an especial interest and value. A drawing made by Mr. Gibb, of Aberdeen, before the destruction of the fresco (which took place a few days after its discovery), was ex-

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hibited, as also a MS. Register in vellum, containing copies of all the charters relating to the church lands of Turriff, extracted from the chartulary of the bishopric of Aberdeen before the middle of the sixteenth century.

"Notice of a Tumulus at Chatteris, in Cambridgeshire," by Mr. W. Bunn, F.S.A. Scot. Mr. Bunn gave an interesting description of the fenny country around Ely, and its "islands," on one of which the tumulus, in which remains of iron and bone were found, is placed, but there is some reason for doubting the genuineness of the deposits.

MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY.

GEOGRAPHICAL, 1.—Anniversary.

TUESDAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, 3.—"On the Application of Physical Geography and Geology to the Fine Arts," Professor Ansted. ENGINEERS, 9.—The President's Annual Conversation.

WEDNESDAY.

SOCIETY OF ARTS, 8.—"On Popular Errors concerning Australia," Hon. Charles Gavan Duffy. ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM, 8.—"Gravestones," Rev. E. L. Cutts

THURSDAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, 3.—"On Ethnology," Professor Huxley. ROYAL, 8.30. ANTIQUARIES, 8.30.

FRIDAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, 8.—"On Opalescence in the Atmosphere," Professor Roscoe. ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 4. PHILOLOGICAL, 8.

SATURDAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, 3.—"On Ethnology," Professor Huxley. ACTUARIES, 3.—Anniversary.

ART.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

MR. E. ARMITAGE is another who has brought artistic wealth to the country. His "Remorse of Judas" (10) is a severe, and at the same time powerful, piece of painting. The expression of the betrayer is rendered with all the intensity of an old master, and this very success, we fear, will prevent the picture ever becoming popular. Much more grateful to the eye and the mind, too, is Mr. Armitage's story of "The Parents of Christ Seeking Him" (503). Mary inquires wistfully of two women at the public well, with its square granite reservoir, whether they have seen the child; but the kindly women seem to answer, No. The vine-covered wall, the playing children, the loiterers by the fountain, and all other details are, to our eye, in perfect Oriental keeping, and Mary herself carries captive our entire sympathies. Mr. Armitage has the traditions of the Church, no doubt, for robing the Virgin in blue at this particular juncture, otherwise he might have modified the tone of his work by painting that same robe rose colour, for which, if we remember rightly, he will find equally good authority. As it is, the work is a very charming one, and we would call the attention of our readers specially to it, as from its hanging they might otherwise pass it by. Mr. Armitage is not an Associate of the Academy; neither is Mr. G. F. Watts, whose "Thetis" (23) tying up her hair, as she stands beautiful and pure by the lip of the sea, is the delight of everyone. This cabinet picture can be called little more than a sketch: yet how exquisite the flesh tints, how thorough the art! When an important and especially a compromising fact is to be enforced, one of the approved methods is reiteration; so we repeat that Mr. E. Armitage and Mr. G. F. Watts are without Academic honours, even of the "Associate" kind.

"Ere Care Begins" (11), a young Scotch mother of the humbler class, with her baby across her lap, is Mr. Faed's diploma work, which in due time will be hung among those of his brethren. What a pity, by-the-bye, that the diploma collection cannot be thrown open to the public. This, however, with the rest of the good things, will no doubt come

in due time. As usual with Mr. Faed, the modelling here, as well as the sentiment, is admirable; and, as in his other work, "Pot-luck" (235), where a couple of peasant children watch with all absorbing interest a glorious male rooster (as our American cousins would delicately put it) and his dames feeding at their feet, we see how the most ordinary subject can be elevated and made impressive when touched by a master. High art is treatment quite as much as it is subject. With the diploma picture of Mr. J. F. Lewis we are not so well satisfied. The manipulation is not so careful as usual, and he cannot afford to be otherwise than painstaking. The figure in the doorway lacks interest, and we cannot see why the artist has placed behind him so solidly black a background. The interior is lighted sufficiently enough with two windows, and is capitably painted, but the main figure is surrounded with neither light nor air, and is backed by unaccountable blackness. In other respects the work is creditable. All in the true and only way has Mr. Goodall worked out his grand picture of "Hagar and Ishmael," and yet powerfully though these figures are painted, we could wish to see them a little stronger still. There is nothing else in this large canvas to which we could take exception. We regard it as a noble and even original rendering of the sacred story, and it is unquestionably worked out with much manliness and honesty. The latter remark is equally applicable to Mr. P. H. Calderon's "Most High, Noble, and Puissant Grace" (24), in which we see a little child Princess of the time of Anne of Brittany, walking in state through the Royal chamber. This is a clever conceit of M. Calderon's, carried no less cleverly out. The details are admirable, and, as we have said, there is a fine, vigorous, healthy handling about his work this year. His "Girls Washing Clothes in the River Clain, near Poitiers" (369), is a charming and desirable work; and we cannot resist congratulating the artist upon what we regard as a decided advance in his art. The progress, moreover, is in the right direction, and will, as a matter of course, lead to right results.

Of Mr. Maclise's noble work of "The Death of Nelson," which attracts so deservedly the attention of visitors, we need say little, as we devoted considerable space some months ago to his frescoes in the Royal Gallery. "Here Nelson Fell" (47), although it appears a large picture on the walls of the Academy, is but the carefully finished study from which the grand fresco was painted. We have heard it remarked, and that too by those who affect to guide the public taste, that the work, like Leighton's "Syracusan Brides," has no natural centre of attraction. Need we again correct such opinion by the remark that these are not easel pictures, and they are not to be focused after the easel manner? They are essentially mural works, and the subject is intended to accompany the spectator as he walks along a great gallery. The principles upon which Mr. Phillip painted his charming work of "The Braserio," for instance, are totally inapplicable to the "Syracusan Brides" and the "Death of Nelson," and our readers must keep this in mind. The latter subject, however, and we say it in no depreciatory spirit of the oil-painting in the Academy, which, so far as it goes, is a most notable work, can be seen only to perfection in the great water-glass picture facing the "Waterloo" of the same artist in the Royal Gallery. Mr. Maclise, the originator of the practice in this country, has retained throughout pre-eminence in the vehicle employed, and of all the men who have attempted decorative art on the grand scale, he is, in our opinion, the first. Effective, yet harmonious and luminous, he produces qualities in the one vehicle which he has never succeeded in rendering so satisfactorily in the other.

Mr. Pickersgill's "Lovers" (12) is a pleasing subject, treated in his well-known manner, and is up to his usual level as regards sentiment and colour. Mr. S. A.

Hart, on the other hand, rather excels himself this year, and in his "Throes of Composition" (36) shows a rejuvenescence quite cheering to see. Mr. F. R. Lee, in his landscape of the "Jolly Anglers" (42), has managed to be a little more atmospheric than usual, and he is certainly quite happy in his choice of subject. "Sighting a Deer" (43), a life-sized portrait picture by R. Herdman, is vigorous in treatment, especially as regards the Highlander pointing eagerly out of the picture at the imaginary game. Indeed, this figure is one of the best in the exhibition, and had the "Portrait of T. V. Wentworth, Esq.," which accompanies it, been equally forcible, Mr. Herdman's success would have been complete.

"Elfin Ground" (49), a small picture of a cow calling to her calf on a moonlit upland, by J. R. Lee, is sweetly and almost originally treated. C. J. Daubigny's "Moonrise" (150), which clings to the ceiling on the opposite wall, is more silvery in its tone, as well as more ambitious. The clouds have all the appearance of having been carefully studied, and the contrast they make with the ground over which they sail so rapidly is truthfully carried out. But the work which, from its subtle blending of tints and masterly management of light and dark, most conveys what the other two aimed at—viz., the mysteries of evening atmospheres in conjunction with moonlight—is J. S. Raven's "Dew Rising—Midsummer Moonlight" (95). We see here nothing but haze and vapoury exhalation; and yet the artist has gone to work with such a Turner-esque sympathy for what he was about, that the result, in spite of the inherent difficulties of such a subject, is not only perfectly intelligible, but pleasing in no ordinary sense. This subtle appreciation of gradation is admirably displayed in another way by J. C. Hook, whose "Landing Salmon" (99) may be taken as a fit exponent of whatever else he has in the Academy. The coble from which the salmon are being landed has just been pulled alongside a rock, on which stands one of the artist's fine, healthy fisher-girls by the hand-barrow, which will presently be put in requisition in the conveying home of the fish. In the distance is the open sea; but where the boat immediately floats is some little way up the rock-bound embouchure of a river: it is to the flat sweep of this piece of water between the spectator and the ocean, which the artist has managed so skilfully as to colour and perspective, we would draw the attention of the visitor. In all his sea pieces Mr. Hook is particularly careful to discriminate between his shallows and his deeps; but never has he done anything so difficult and yet with so much success as this. All his other fine qualities are patent enough. If we might presume to offer a suggestion to Mr. Hook, we would say, Go farther inland in future; we are perfectly satisfied of your mastery in all matters pertaining to the sea-shore, but wander hillwards, and show us the pretty pastorals you can make for us by down and dell. And here we have Mr. Poole doing the very thing; but the public is never satisfied with a favourite, and what we crave of Hook we demand also of Poole, and that is simply novelty. "Going to the Spring" (70), a fine sunlight study of a healthy, laughing girl about mid-day, and the "Tardy Messenger," a little peasant girl, in a yellow dress, leaning pensively against a bank—certainly one of the tenderest little pictures he ever painted—are both in Mr. Poole's best manner. His peculiar yellow tone is as predominant as ever; but then it must always be remembered that that tone is perfectly consistent with itself. Those we have mentioned, one especially, are small pictures; the subject on which he has expended his strength is no doubt the large work, representing "Imogen at the Cave of Belarius" (82). There are passages here of great beauty. There is a charming simplicity about the expression and attitude of Imogen; but we don't think the figure would have in any way been injured had

THE DRAMA.

MR. SOTHERN IN THE "FAVOURITE OF FORTUNE."

WITH the exception of the part of *David Garrick*, Mr. Sothorn had hitherto confined himself to the delineation of broad and eccentric humour; still, in such characters as *Lord Dundreary* and *Brother Sam* it was not difficult to see that the man who caused the loudest laughter to ring from pit to gallery was an artist in the highest sense of this much-abused word—such an artist, indeed, as might surprise the public by his excellence in characters quite distinct from those which he had so far portrayed.

This is precisely what has happened. Mr. Sothorn's *Frank Annerley* is one of the most elaborate pieces of acting that has been on the English stage for many years. First, it is a realization of what, almost unconsciously to ourselves, we have long desired to see—a thorough gentleman upon the stage. Still more important is it, that through all Mr. Sothorn's wonderful ease of execution, we have constant revelations of genuine feeling and the deepest insight into character. Without raising his voice beyond a conversational pitch, and without one stagg gesture, he moves his audience far more than effort or vehemence could possibly do. His transitions from humour to pathos, and from pathos to satire, are as natural as they are effective, and devoid of every trace of artifice. In the first act, with *Tom Sutherland*, Mr. Sothorn hits off to perfection the man who has been behind the scenes of the world; who has obtained a rather too early experience of life; who is unaffectedly tired of it; he defines clearly, and it must have been no easy thing to have done so, the difference between the assumed languor of an affected fop and the genuine weariness of a man who is really tired of what seems to be the hollowness of society.

His change in the second act, when in love and accepted by *Hester*, shows that highest art, which has its source in poetic sympathy. As a touch in this art, we may notice his manner of reading his solicitor's letter, informing him of the loss of his fortune. With his mind pre-occupied with *Hester*, who has just left him, he reads on in a dreamy manner until the unpleasant truth flashes upon him. The change in his voice and manner when, his attention awakened to the fact, he reperuses the letter, was equally fine as a piece of truth and affection in the way of dramatic contrast. But it is in the third and fourth acts that Mr. Sothorn's great and varied power most strikingly appears. In the third act, when he discovers *Hester* (his betrothed) alone, the way in which he tells her of his altered prospects is at once most simple and most effective; and when *Hester*, forgetting for a moment the fatal secret that separates them, enquires how the loss of his fortune can affect them seriously, the weight lifted from his mind, the happiness when he believes her still true to him, are wonderfully portrayed in look, voice, and gesture, and form a striking contrast to the sad, earnest, dignity of his tone in subsequently asking her for an explanation of her refusal of him, which she is unable to give. Mr. Sothorn never forgets that he is a gentleman talking to a lady, and the way in which he relates to *Hester* the story of his past life is full of earnest, touching, tenderness, and yet thoroughly colloquial. After one or two more fruitless attempts on the part of *Annerley* to get *Hester* to give some explanation why she grieves for him and yet casts him off, a long and effective pause ensues, during which *Annerley*, upon whose face a life-struggle is written, draws his hand slowly away from her, rises up, and advances to a window, through which he shortly after leaves. He tries to crush his suspicions; but the sad, bitter thought will come upon him, that the woman whom he loved, and in whom he trusted, is, like the rest, worldly and heartless. Being, however, a man of

society of the nineteenth century, his feelings appropriately express themselves in satire. It would be almost impossible to praise too highly the emotion penetrating through the light ironical tone with which he utters the words "Good morning" at the close of this scene. Such acting, in fact, is nothing less than genius, and it is thoroughly appreciated by the audience, who, hushed into profound silence during the scene, cheer Mr. Sothorn to the echo at the close of every performance. In the fourth act when *Hester* comes to *Annerley*, his eagerness to know if she has come to explain is most truthfully portrayed. Once again he puts aside his satire and allows his feelings to appear; but, finding that she persists in refusing explanation, he crushes his emotion and allows his spring of bitterness to run free, only an occasional quiver or hesitation in the voice indicating how deeply the man who speaks so lightly and carelessly really feels. Let us say in conclusion, what must have been inferred from our remarks, that Mr. Sothorn's *Frank Annerley* is one of the finest pieces of acting lately seen; and let us also add that it is satisfactory to see that the English public, as well as the French, can appreciate a performance which is not only powerful, but distinguished by its delicacy.

MISCELLANEA.

THE Paris papers of Monday announce the death of "Father Prout," of *Fraser's Magazine* and *Bentley's Miscellany*, in that city, on Saturday last. Mr. Francis Mahony, at the time of his death, was the Parisian correspondent of the *Globe*, an appointment he had held for several years. He was a native of Cork, born, we believe, in 1805; but quitted Ireland early, and was educated at the Jesuit schools in France and at the University of Rome. He returned from Italy in priest's orders, and resided for some time in Ireland; but a clerical life in that country was not to his mind, and, having decided to adopt literature as a profession, he became acquainted with Dr. Maginn and Serjeant Murphy, both Cork men, and the trio were among the wittiest and most racy contributors to *Fraser's Magazine*. Mr. Mahony's translations into Greek of "The Groves of Blarney," and "The Night before Larry was Stretched," as well as of several of Moore's "Irish Melodies," evinced considerable humour. The "Prout Papers" were collected in 1836 and published by Fraser. They had been long out of print, when, in 1860, a new edition, illustrated with twenty-one etchings by MacIse, in two volumes with considerable additions, was issued in "Bohn's Illustrated Library." His "Facts and Figures from Italy," published by Mr. Bentley, appeared originally in the *Daily News*, of which he was the Roman correspondent during Mr. Charles Dickens's editorship. Mr. Mahony had been in the Levant, and visited the Danubian Principalities, Turkey, Greece, and Egypt, and published an account of his travels.

THERE are 210 public libraries in Italy, containing in the aggregate 4,149,281 volumes, according to the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique*. Besides these, there are the libraries of the two Chambers, that of the Council of State, and many large private collections, easily accessible. Then there are 110 provincial libraries, and the collections belonging to 71 scientific bodies. In the year 1863, 988,510 volumes were called for by readers, of which 183,528 related to mathematics and the natural sciences; 122,496 to literature, history, and linguistics; 70,537 to philosophy and morals; 54,491 to theology; 193,972 to jurisprudence; 261,869 to the fine arts; and 101,797 to other subjects.

THE nineteenth volume of the "Correspondance de Napoleon I^{er}, publiée par Ordre de l'Empereur Napoleon III., has just made its appearance.

AUGUST KAHL's travels in Chili have just appeared under the title of "Reisen durch Chili und die Westlichen Provinzen Argentiniens: Natur und Sittensschilderungen; von August Kahl."

ADOLPH BÖTTIGER's new poem "Die Tochter des Kain," is now ready.

ONE of the most beautiful of recent ornithological publications, of which Nos. 1 to 5 have been published, is "Storia Naturale degli Uccelli che nidificano in Lombardia," by

the artist added a little piquancy to the face. The figures of the advancing men compose very well; but the one bearing the deer is surely very much out of drawing? In other respects, Mr. Poole is quite himself. Mr. Frith's "Widow Wadman laying Siege to my Uncle Toby" (73) is very pretty, that is the widow is, and very young; but she is not the widow who laid siege to Uncle Toby; and whether this is Uncle Toby we cannot say, for the obvious reason that his back is towards us. Mr. Frith will, we hope, have a picture next year more commensurate with his reputation. Mr. C. Stanfield, in his "Pic du Midi d'Ossau" (78), and in his "Tintagel Castle" (58), is as noble and even vigorous in conception as ever; and, unless to the hypercritical, these two works, for all those qualities which have made Stanfield famous, may well represent the man.

Of Mr. E. M. Ward's "Amy Robsart and Leicester at Cumnor Hall" (64) we spoke before the work went to the exhibition. For dexterous manipulation and exquisite refinement and interchange of colour, the picture is most notable: but we wish to see Mr. Ward back to his "Sleeping Argyles," and his "Marie Antoinettes," and his "Marie Stuarts." It is in the portrayal of the more stirring emotional that his dramatic genius is most at home; and it is towards the momentous episodes of real history we would re-direct his pencil. Mrs. Ward, on the present occasion, has been much truer to the high mission of her art, and has produced a work, "Palissy the Potter" (385), which, in spite of its juxtaposition to Miss Mutrie's brilliant "Orchids," not only nobly maintains its own, but raises its author in her profession to a level with the best. We know not whether the Academy, among its contemplated changes, intends returning to the good custom, prevalent in Sir Joshua's time, of having lady Academicians. If it does, certainly Mrs. E. M. Ward would be first among lady artists entitled to the honour. We described her picture before it went to the Academy; and now that we see it on the walls we are more satisfied than ever that it is earnestly and honestly painted, without trick of any kind, and with an appreciation of the dramatic which more than atones for Mr. Ward's wandering from his legitimate track.

Visitors will do well to notice "La Sœur de Charité" (71), by G. Hardy, and the "Threatened Deluge," by J. D. Hardy, for both are pictures of emphatic merit. A similar remark is applicable to J. B. Grahame's "Hope on the Horizon" (81), and A. Dever's "Singing and Making Melody in your Heart to the Lord" (91). This last-named artist's progress has been very satisfactory.

Mr. Redgrave has been happy in his choice of subject. A mother and two little ones wait under spreading beeches with "The Woodman's Dinner." The work is very sweet in tone and capably painted. G. H. Boughton works in the low key affected by some of our French brethren, and that key in Mr. Boughton's hands is a very pleasing one. His "Wayside Devotion, Brittany" (107), in which we see a peasant girl kissing reverently the foot of a wooden cross, is very simple but very beautiful. Mr. F. W. Topham, jun., has a similar subject in the middle room (196), which he treats with like tenderness and success. His large picture "Across the Bridge" (112), which we described when in the studio, is what he would be judged by. The little girl, who is startled on coming so suddenly upon the dead noble as she crosses the bridge in the early morning, is, if anything, slightly exaggerated as regards the expression of her terror; but with this exception, and we are doubtful whether we are quite in the right, the picture is altogether good. The slight crudities in colour visible here and there are faults in the proper direction. With a little more practice the artist will gather tone, and he possesses already the faculty of invention.

Eugenio Bettoni. The work is being published in roy. folio, and each number contains two coloured plates and four pages of letterpress.

GENERAL LYON, late of the Confederate Army, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is said to have discovered another lost city in Mexico, in the district called by the Indians Metaltaloyuca, situated about 100 miles west of Tuxpan in the state of Vera Cruz. Trees, hundreds of years old, are growing amidst the ruins. The walls of many houses are standing, and on them are paintings and other ornaments, and carved doorways and images abound in every street. There are several temples, and a statuette was found, upon the reverse of which was a cross. The doors of the houses are generally closed with huge blocks of stone, and there are other indications that the abandonment of the city was due to a preconcerted movement.

MR. AND MRS. KEAN, after an absence of three years, and a circumnavigation of the globe, have returned to the Princess's Theatre, and are performing Cardinal Wolsey and Queen Catherine in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII." to crowded houses every evening.

THE bill for the protection of copyright, before the French Chamber, is intended to give to the heirs of an author a kind of royalty upon future editions, in the shape of a small tax to be imposed upon works which, upon the expiration of the ten years' privilege of the present law, shall have become the property of the public. Unless the bill passes before July, the heirs of Alfred de Musset and Augustine Thierry will lose all claim upon the writings of these popular authors.

ON the occasion of Prince Alfred opening the Museum of Science and Art at Edinburgh, on Saturday last, he was made an honorary LL.D.

MISS ISA CRAIG has been presented with a very appropriate testimonial, on her resigning her post of Assistant-Secretary of the Social Science Association upon her marriage. The testimonial consists of a silver tea service and salver, the latter bearing the inscription: "To Isa Craig, from her grateful and attached friends of the National Social Science Association. 17th May, 1866."

PROFESSOR WALEY is about to retire, after having occupied the chair of Political Economy in University College since 1853, and that chair will become vacant at the end of the present session.

ACCORDING to the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, Dr. William H. Harvey, F.R.S. and L.S., Professor of Botany in Trinity College, Dublin, and Keeper of the University Herbarium, the well-known botanist, died of phthisis at Torquay on the 15th inst.

AT Her Majesty's Theatre "Iphigenia in Tauris" has been a complete success, with Mdlle. Titiens as *Iphigenia*, and Messrs. Santley, Gardoni, and Gassier, as *Orestes*, *Pylades*, and *Thoas*. Mdlle. de Murska has appeared in the "Somnambula" as *Amina*, with the same success as attended her impersonation of *Lucia*. During the week the "Huguenots" and "Lucia di Lammermoor" have been repeated; and "Dinorah," with Mdlle. de Murska for the first time as the heroine, will be given to-night. Mozart's "Seraglio" is in preparation, and "Iphigenia in Tauris" will be repeated next week.

MISS HELEN FAUCIT has kindly given her services in aid of the funds of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton, and will read the text of "Ulysses" at St. James's Hall, on the 8th of June, when Gounod's music of that opera is to be given for the first time in this country.

WE have recently had occasion to mention the performances of Shakespeare's plays at Bombay. We have now to notice the publication of the first volume of a Hindostanee translation of them.

NEXT and only second to Sanskrit in importance amongst the languages of India is the Tamil. The Tamil forms with the Telugu, Canarese, Malayalam, Tulu, Gond, and Khond, the so-called Dravidian branch of the Turanian or agglutinative family of languages. Tamil is the vernacular of about twelve millions, who inhabit the great plain of the Carnatic. It is also the language of about half the population of Ceylon. The term Dravidian, adopted by the Sanskrit writers, is used to designate the Southern language. Dravida means the country of the Dravidas; and a Dravida is defined in the Sanskrit Lexicons to be "a man of an outcast tribe, descended from a degraded Kshatriya." With the exception of commentaries and some modern works, the entire Tamil literature is in poetry, and the difficulty of making out its sense is increased by the use of

peculiar or obsolete words. A Tamil, of average intelligence, who can read and write with ease the language as spoken, cannot understand classic poetry unless he has made it a special study. Mr. John Murdoch, according to *Trübner's Literary Record*, has lately printed at Madras, what, under the modest title of "Classified Catalogue of Tamil Printed Books, with introductory notes," is really a very valuable contribution towards a knowledge of Tamil literature. Mr. Murdoch has adopted in his Tamil catalogue the classification proposed by Messrs. Winter Jones and Watts, of the British Museum, and approved of by the International Statistical Congress. He has described in all 1,755 books, which are distributed in ten classes, as follows: *a*. Religion, 1,218; *b*. Jurisprudence, 19; *c*. Philosophy, 50; *d*. Science, 62; *e*. Arts, 6; *f*. Literature, 152; *g*. Philology, 176; *h*. Geography, and History, 12; *i*. Periodicals and Newspapers, 26; *j*. Books for Europeans studying Tamil 34—total, 1,755. All the classes are headed by introductory remarks of a historical, literary, statistical, &c., nature. The books are described with great accuracy, and, in the case of the more important ones, the contents are carefully noted. The general introduction to the work, besides a vast amount of information on general literary questions, contains 119 brief notices of Tamil authors, chiefly based on the "Tamil Plutarch," by S. Casie Chitty.

CONNECTED with the study of bibliography and literary history we have to notice the following recent French publications: Messrs. Hachette and Co. have just ready, "La Satire en France, ou la Littérature Militante au XVI^e siècle, par Ch. Lenient, Professeur de Rhétorique au Lycée Napoléon;" MM. Delaroque frères issue a thick octavo of 750 pages under the title of "Tables Biographiques et Bibliographiques des Sciences, des Lettres, et des Arts indiquant les Œuvres principales des hommes les plus connus en tous pays et à toutes les époques avec mention des éditions les plus estimées, par A. Dantès;" then there is the new "Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature, publiée sous la direction de MM. P. Meyer, Ch. Morel, G. Paris, H. Zotenberg, Recueil hebdomadaire," published every Saturday; next a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, published at Toulouse, "Littérature Océanique, Lecture faite à l'Académie des Jeux Floraux, par M. G. de Rocquemaurel un des quarante mainteneurs;" and another pamphlet, "De la Propriété Littéraire, contre son Assimilation avec la Propriété de Droit Commun pour le domaine public payant, par J. Hetzel, lettres publiées dans le *Journal des Débats*."

APROPOS of the Imperial "Vie de César," we have an "Album de la Vie de César, par Henry de Montaut," a small folio volume of 326 engraved illustrations; and "Sur l'Histoire de Jules César (Henri Plon, éditeur, 1865), Simples Etudes, par Lohis Hermenous." Amongst other French books of the week we notice the first volume of "l'Histoire de la Vie et du Règne de Nicholas I^{er}, Empereur de Russie, par Paul Lacroix;" the entire work to consist of six volumes;—an entirely new translation of Shakespeare to be published in 200 livraisons, each at 50 centimes: "Shakspeare, Œuvres complètes illustrées, Traduction entièrement nouvelle par M. Emile Montégut;"—a poem in the dialect of Languedoc, "Una Bisita a S. Guihem-lou-désert en 1865; Pouéma en cinq Cants; par Darius Nougaret;"—"l'Amérique Equatoriale, son Histoire pittoresque et politique, sa Géographie et Richesses Naturelles, son Etat présent et son Avenir; par Don Enrique, vicomte Onffroy de Thoron, Ingénieur. Ouvrage accompagné d'une carte;"—"Scènes de la vie aristocratique en Angleterre et en Russie," par E. D. Forgues;—The first volume of "Adenès li Rois, li Roumans de Cléomadès, publié pour la première Fois d'après un Manuscrit de la Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, à Paris, par A. Van Hasselt;"—"l'Histoire de la Révolution Liégeoise de 1789 (1785—à 1795), d'après des Documents inédits," par Ad. Borgnet;—and a pamphlet of sixty-six pages, "Pisciculture Marine, Etude sur le Littoral Français de la Méditerranée au Point de Veü Piscicole, par Léon Vidal."

ORIENTAL literature has recently received the following important addition from the press of Paris: Grammaire Comparée des Langues Indo-européennes, comprenant le Sanscrit, le Zend, l'Arménien, le Grec, le Latin, le Lithuanien, l'ancien Slave, le Gothique et l'Allemand, par François Bopp, traduite sur la deuxième édition et précédée d'une introduction par M. Michel Bréal, chargé du cours de grammaire comparée au Collège de France. The first volume has just been issued from the "Imprimerie Impériale," and the entire work will con-

sist of four volumes. The fifth volume of "Le Maha-Bharata, Poème Epique de Krishna-Dwaipayana, plus communément appelé Védavyasa, c'est-à-dire le Compilateur et l'Ordonnateur des Védas, traduit complètement pour la première fois du Sanscrit en Français par Hippolyte Fauche, traducteur du *Ramayana*," has also appeared; as likewise the two following works by the Abbé Favre, the latter in English: "Grammaire Javanaise, accompagnée de Fac-simile et d'Exercices de Lecture, par l'Abbé P. Favre, professeur de Malais et de Javanaise à l'Ecole Impériale des Langues Orientales;" and "An Account of the Wild Tribes inhabiting the Malayan Peninsula, Sumatra, &c., with a Journey in Johore and a Journey in the Menangkabaw States of the Malayan Peninsula," by the Rev. P. Favre, Apostolic Missionary.

THE site of the Eton Racquet Courts is a narrow strip of land, which runs parallel with the Rev. Mr. Joynes's foot-ball field, adjoining the road leading to South Meadow by the side of the Mathematical School. The cost of the buildings, which are to be erected back to back, will be about 1,500*l.*, one-third of which is already subscribed.

MESSRS. HACHETTE and Co. have issued, in their "Editions à 1 franc le Volume," as the new volume, "Jonathan le Visionnaire," by X. B. Santine. Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.'s new "Monthly (Shilling) Volume of Standard Authors" is "Extremes," by E. W. Atkinson. Messrs. Warne and Co. have reprinted Disraeli's "Young Duke" in their "Companion Library of Popular Shilling Novels," and promise his "Tancred," "Venetia," "Contarini Fleming," "Coningsby," "Sybil," "Alroy," "Ixion," "Henrietta Temple," and "Vivian Grey," as part of the series. Mr. Nimmo issues the first of a series of shilling volumes, under the title of "Nimmo's Popular Tales," consisting of "Gerald Aymer's Loves," and nine other short tales by various writers.

MESSRS. EDMONSTON and DOUGLAS have published in a single volume ten of the essays which they have issued under the title of "Odds and Ends," and which have been noticed from time to time in THE READER, preserving that designation as the general title of the volume.

THE annual meeting of the members of the London Library, St. James's Square, will be held in the reading-room to-day, at three o'clock.

The Religious Tract Society has just sent forth a series of twelve illustrated cards, each giving a picture of some important event in the history of England, and having three medallion portraits of the rulers of the land, with sentences on the back of each card biographical and historical.

THE explosion of gas at Mr. Gambart's residence in the Avenue Road, caused the death of the charwoman, Ellitts, who died immediately after her admission into St. Mary's Hospital. Among the valuable pictures in the gallery at the time of the accident, was Stanfield's "Bass Rock," which was blown into the adjoining garden, belonging to Mr. Justice Lush, but singularly without receiving any injury. Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" and Frith's "Derby Day" were rescued without having received any injury, but several other works of art were utterly destroyed.

BISHOP GRAY's new Bishop is to have the euphonious name of Piettermaritzburgh. It is said that the Rev. W. Cox, whose field of action has hitherto been in Tasmania, will be the first to hold that appointment, should the answers from Convocation to the Bishop of Cape Town and the Dean of Maritzburg sanction the election as not schismatical, which, of course, must, in some measure, depend upon the passing or rejection of the Colonial Bishopric's Bill, just introduced into the House by Mr. Cardwell.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT is going to the Holy Land once more on an art-pilgrimage, this time with a very near and dear companion, and they carry with them the hearty good wishes of all who know them.

THE Chinese annual dinner, which was held at Willis's Rooms yesterday week, was attended by three members of the Chinese Mission, Kwang-ying, Feugh-yid, and Teh-ming. The novelty of the evening was the toast, "The Emperor of China," to which Teh-ming responded.

MADAME MARIA VILDA, the new *Norma* at the Royal Italian Opera, has firmly established her position. She has been most ably supported by the *Adalgisa* of Madame Lemmens Sherrington and the *Pollio* of Signor Naudin. The revival of the "Africaïne" has enabled the

management to crowd into one piece Mdle. Pauline Lucca as *Selika*, Madame Lemmens Sherrington as *Inez*, a character she assumed in the English adaptation; Signor Naudin as *Vasco di Gama*, a selection made by Meyerbeer himself for the Paris representation; and Signor Graziani as the faithful *Nelusko*—on the whole such a cast as leaves nothing to be desired. Add to these the revival of the "Barbiere di Siviglia," with Adelina Patti as *Rosina*, Signor Ronconi as *Figaro*, and Signor Mario as *Almaviva*; of "Faust e Margherita," with M. Faure in his original character of *Mephistophiles*; of the "Huguenots," with Mdles. Pauline Lucca and Morensi, and Madame L. Sherrington, supported by MM. Faure, Mario, Tagliafico, and Attri; of the "Somnambula," with Mdle. Adelina Patti as *Aminta*; and "Don Giovanni," with Mdle. Adelina Patti, Mdle. Fricci, Madame L. Sherrington, and MM. Faure, Ronconi, Brignoli, Ciampi, and Capponi; and it must be admitted that for excellence and variety this season has never been equalled in its representation of the Lyric drama at the Royal Italian Opera House. On Monday next the "Huguenots" will be repeated; on Tuesday, "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mdle. Adelina Patti and MM. Graziano, Capponi, and Nicolini, will be given for the first time this season; and on Saturday next, also for the first time this season, "Lucrezia Borgia," with Madame Maria Vilda, Mdle. Biancolini, and MM. Mario and Ronconi.

HURD & HOUGHTON will publish, this month, "Six Months at the White House," by F. B. Carpenter, the artist, an enthusiastic admirer of President Lincoln, who conceived the idea, in the latter part of 1863, of painting a picture commemorating "the first reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet." Mr. Lincoln invited Mr. Carpenter to the White House, for the purpose of affording him every facility in studying his subjects from life. The painting of the picture, comprising a life-size group of the President and Cabinet, occupied six months,—from February to August, 1864,—during which period Mr. Carpenter enjoyed constant intercourse with the President, as well as the various members of the Cabinet. In a volume of some three hundred pages, Mr. Carpenter gives the history of his connexion with Mr. Lincoln, with which are interwoven various "reminiscences" and personal relations, collected and given to the author from time to time by different individuals.

To prevent any misunderstanding as to the real position of Church affairs at Natal, the Bishop of Grahamstown and the Dean of Cape Town, both at present in England, have addressed letters to the *Times*, which appeared in that Journal on Wednesday last. The Bishop states that the Bishop of Cape Town has not "of his own accord," as mentioned in the *Times*, appointed the Rev. Mr. Cox to the see, and that, in fact, no such appointment has yet taken place, nor will it be done excepting "with the voluntary consent and by the free choice and election" of those "clergy in Natal who regard Dr. Colenso as deprived ecclesiastically of the authority over them." To this the Dean adds, "It is likely that Mr. Cox will be elected by the clergy of Natal, and accepted by a considerable number of the communicants, and in the event of this election and acceptance, the Bishop of Cape Town and his suffragans are prepared to proceed to consecration."

ON the subject of the posthumous drama of the late Mr. Sheridan Knowles, brought out at the Strand Theatre under the title of "Alexina; or, True unto Death," the son of the dramatist writes to the papers to say that it is simply a ballad opera, which his father "wrote many years ago for Messrs. Cramer, Addison, and Beale, with the songs omitted."

PROFESSOR CHOWLSON contributes a most important paper on biblical chronology and Semetic archaeology to the "Memoires de l'Academie Imperiale des Science de St. Petersburg," which has also been issued separately in a quarto volume of upwards of 350 pages, under the title of "Achtzehn Hebraische Grab-schriften aus der Krim." Dr. Chowlson leaves no doubt as to the genuineness of the inscriptions, and he has taken considerable pains to establish the correct dates from them of the Jewish reckoning of the Creation, the Babylonian Captivity, and the present age of the world.

THE Stuttgart *Literarischer Verein* has just issued three valuable additions to German literature: 1. Hans Jacob Brenning's von Büchenbach Relation über seine Sendung nach England in Jahr 1595, mitgetheilt von Aug.

Schlossberger; 2. Paul Fleming's Deutsche Gedichte, herausgegeben von J. M. Lappenberg; and 3. Gallus Oheim's Chronik von Reichenau (1491) herausgegeben von Dr. K. A. Barack.

AT the Lyceum Mr. Fechter has revived the "Corsican Brothers," and the ghost of *Luigi dei Franchi*, instead of rising gradually by means of the sliding trap as formerly at the Princess's, now appears through a transparent column in the hall of the Corsican castle.

THE International Horticultural Exhibition has been the great event of the London week. Some three and a-half acres of the waste grounds of the late Exhibition near the gardens of the Horticultural Society have been converted into a large covered tent covering an area of 400,000 cubic feet, heated by a pipe, the superficial surface of which measures 3,733 feet, and requiring 1,760 gallons of water. The area was laid out by the skill of a landscape gardener, with banks and valleys, little hills, and knolls with rockeries and fountains, intersected by broad gravel walks. Taken as a whole, this has been one of the best-arranged flower-shows which have ever been witnessed in England. Amongst the chief exhibitors were MM. Ambrose and John Verschaffelt, and M. Linden, of Brussels and Ghent; Messrs. Turner, Veitch, Paul, Williams, Bull, Waterer, Godfrey, Ivory, and the Crystal Palace; and the grounds were arranged under Messrs. Eyles, Gibson, Moore, and Dr. Hogg; Sir Wentworth Dilke, M.P., was chairman of the Executive Committee. The banquet took place on Tuesday evening at Guildhall, when there was a numerous attendance of both English and foreign members of the Congress, of which Professor de Candolle, of Geneva, is President, who, in returning thanks, greatly eulogized the progress of horticulture in this country. M. de Candolle, Professor Sedgwick and Dr. Hooker, have by graces had the honorary degree of LL.D. conferred upon them by the University of Cambridge.

EGYPTOLOGISTS will learn with pleasure that the first fruits of the French scientific expedition to Egypt under the Viscount E. de Rouge have just been made public through the Imperial Press of Paris, under the title of "Recherches sur les Monuments qu'on peut attribuer aux six premières Dynasties de Manéthon, précédées d'un Rapport à M. le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique sur les Résultats généraux de la Mission; par M. le Vicomte E. de Rouge. This first instalment consists of a royal quarto volume of 165 pages, with five plates in folio.

M. DE LA CHATRE has written "L'Histoire des Papes, crimes, meurtres, empoisonnements, parricides, adultères, incestes des Pontifes Romains, depuis Saint Pierre jusqu'à nos jours. Mystères d'iniquités de la Cour de Rome; la Sainte Inquisition; abominations des Convents, &c.," of which seven octavo volumes have already appeared.

THE annual lecture on Sir Robert Rede's foundation in the University of Cambridge was delivered in the Senate House, on Wednesday, by Professor William Thomson, LL.D. The subject was, "The Dissipation of Energy." The lecture, in which the various operations of force were reviewed, was too full of matter to admit of anything like a brief abstract; the conclusion at which the Professor arrived was that science taught that the earth had once been in a condition, and was approaching again by the gradual dissipation of energy to a condition in which it would be uninhabitable by man as at present constituted.

ON Tuesday last the Inns of Court Volunteers made an expedition to Cambridge, and joined the Corps of the University and Town. Other bodies of Volunteers were present from Cambridgeshire and Essex, amounting altogether to about 2,300 men. A review took place on Midsummer Common; the troops, supported by a fine body of the Duke of Manchester's Horse, being drawn up to resist an imaginary enemy marching on Cambridge from the east. The evolutions, which were viewed by a large crowd of spectators, were well performed, and the day passed off pleasantly, and, so far as we are aware, without accident.

THE General Medical Council of Education and Registration, now sitting at the College of Physicians, has determined that a certain minimum standard of preliminary education shall be required of youths desirous of entering the medical profession. Compulsory subjects are to be: English (grammar and composition), Arithmetic (including vulgar and decimal fractions), Algebra (including simple equations), Geometry (first two books of Euclid), Latin (including translation and grammar), and one of the following optional subjects, Greek,

French, German, or Natural Philosophy. After 1869, Greek is also to be a compulsory subject. Sir Dominic Corrigan, who proposed the latter as a compulsory subject, mentioned the case of a student who, being asked the meaning of the word physiology, said that it was "a sort of fungus!"

WE desire to call particular attention to the current number of the *Leipziger Illustrirte Zeitung*, which contains a complete but soberly-written biographical sketch of Professor Max Müller. It is accompanied by a likeness taken from a photograph; the artistic reputation of the paper just mentioned is so great that we deem it almost superfluous to add that the Professor's likeness is remarkably well executed.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT's picture, "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple," is now on view at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, without extra charge.—"The Rocky Mountains," painted by Bierstadt, the celebrated picture recently exhibited in the United States, is on view at M'Lean's Gallery in the Haymarket.—Mr. Nathan C. Hughes's picture of the "Panic of the 3,000 Persons in the Chili Church" is exhibited in the Chili Gallery at the Pantheon in Oxford Street.—Mr. Hadwen Wheelwright's copies in water-colours from frescoes and pictures in the Vatican, the Uffizi, Pitti, and Academia galleries of Florence, and various churches in Italy, &c., from the earliest art to Raphael, are on view at No. 2 New Burlington Street.—Mr. A. MacCullum's pictures, including his "Sherwood Forest" and "The Charlemagne Oak at Fontainebleau," will shortly be exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. The great sporting picture, the equestrian portrait of Mr. Frederick Brockman, Master of the East Kent Fox-hounds, on his well-known hunter, Felix, surrounded by his favourite hounds, painted by Stephen Pearce, is on view at No. 42 Piccadilly.

A DEATH which claims to be recorded is mentioned in the Tasmanian papers, just received. In 1788, Mr. John Dell, who has recently died in his 103rd year, arrived in New South Wales with the 102nd Regiment of Foot, in the ship *Surprise*, the first of the fleet that brought convicts to Botany Bay. He was a native of Reading. He was pensioned in 1815, and was appointed chief constable of Launceston in Tasmania in 1818. At the date of his death he was an extensive and wealthy farmer.

THE Leicestershire Architectural and Archaeological Society has lost one of its most active members by the death of the Rev. John Morewood Gresley, Master of Etwell Hospital, Derbyshire, one of the best informed local antiquaries of the midland counties, in his fiftieth year. Mr. Gresley's collections possess considerable local interest.

THE Vice-Mastership of King's College School, London, which is in the gift of the Council, is about to become vacant.

AT the Crystal Palace to-day, Mdle. Titians will sing in "Lorelei," and Rockhills, with the magnificent *Wistaria Sinensis*, upwards of 200 feet in length, and with "tens of thousands of blossoms," will be thrown open to promenaders.—Mr. Sims Reeves's benefit concert takes place at St. James's Hall on Monday next, at which he will sing "Sigh no more, ladies," "My pretty Jane," "Deeper and deeper still," from "Jephtha," and a duet with Miss Edmonds, "Mira la bianca luna."—Madame Sainton-Dolby's ballad concert is fixed for Wednesday week, 6th June, at St. James's Hall.—Signor Nicolini, the new tenor, who is about to make his first appearance at Covent Garden, on Tuesday next, as *Edgardo* in "Lucia di Lammermoor," has a fine cultivated voice, and sang the melodious air from "Luise Miller" with great expression at Mdle. Lucca's concert, at St. James's Hall, on Monday last.

MR. TEGG will shortly publish a complete edition of the "Sermons of Henry Smith," the Puritan divine, known in his lifetime as "the Silver-tongued Preacher,"—being, as Fuller says, "but one metal below St. Chrysostom himself." Dr. Fuller's life of the author will be prefixed.

WE find from the January Report of the New Zealand Exhibition, held last year in the Province of Otago, that the Commissioners have awarded special silver medals to the following distinguished naturalists and scientific men, for services rendered: J. Gould, Esq., Dr. J. E. Gray, Dr. J. D. Hooker Kew, Dr. L. Lindsay, Perth, Professor R. Owen, P. L. Simmonds, Esq., Editor of the *Technologist*, and Dr. Forbes Watson, of the India Museum.

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